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Harvard College Library



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One half the income from this Legacy, which was received in 1880 under the will of

JONATHAN BROWN BRIGHT

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HENRY BRIGHT, JR.,

who died at Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1686. In the absence of such descendants, other persons are eligible to the scholarships. The will requires that this announcement shall be made in every book added to the Library under its provisions.

THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES
VOL. XV

JANUARY—JUNE, 1912

WILLIAM ABBATT
410 E. 32D St., NEW YORK CITY
1912

SCOUND MAN 9 1914

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VOL. XV

No. 1

THE

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WITH

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Americanus sum: Americanus nihil a me alienum puto

EST. 1851

JANUARY, 1912

WILLIAM ABBATT

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ANNOUNCEMENT

Competent Members of the staff of THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY will undertake Genealogical Researches for such of the patrons and friends of the MAGAZINE as may desire to know about their ancestry. Brief questions will be answered in the MAGAZINE, but long researches will be done at a figure which may be agreed upon after it is known exactly what the inquirer desires.

Often these researches are very intricate, and require weeks of expert investigation before the ancestry can be established upon unquestioned grounds. For such work reasonable payment will be asked.

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The Genealogical Research Dept.

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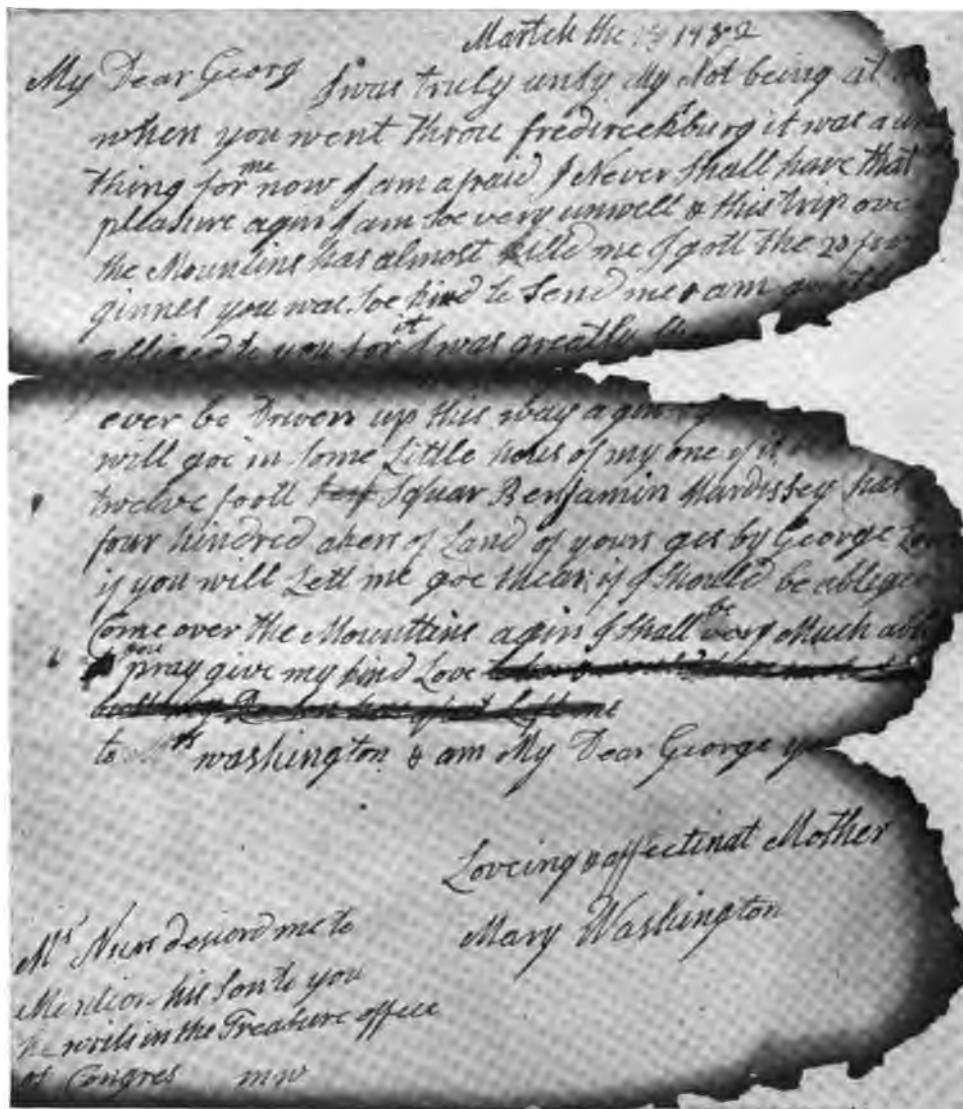
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Entered as Second-class matter, March 1, 1905, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y.
Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

A LETTER OF MARY WASHINGTON, MOTHER OF GEORGE,
March 17, 1782.

Written to her distinguished son. Edges burnt and a few words missing, but extremely rare in any condition.

By permission of Mr. C. E. GOODSPED, Boston.



(Probably from Fredericksburg, Va.)

March the 17, 1782.

I was truly unlucky [uneasy?] My Not being at home when you went throu Fredericksburg — it was an unusual thing for me. Now I am afraid I Never shall have that pleasure agin.* I am soe very unwell and this trip over the Mountins has almost killd me. I gott the 20 five ginnes you was soe kind to send me and am greatly obliged to you for it. I was greatly shock[ed?] *** ever be driven up this way agin *** will goe in some Little hous[e] of my one if it is [but] twelve foott squar[e]. Benjamin Marquissey has four hundred akers of land of yours ges [just?] by George Lewis if you will lett me goe hear if I should be obliged [to] come over the mountins agin I shall be very much obliged to you — pray give my kind love [to her, I would have wrote to — butt my Reason has quite left me] to Mrs. Washington, & am, My Dear George, your Loveing & affectionat Mother

MARY WASHINGTON.

Mr. Nivis [?] desir'd me to mention his son to you — he writ[e]s in the Treasure[y?] office of Congres[s]. M. W.

*She saw him for the last time in April, 1789, when he visited her on his way to his first inauguration. She died August 25, 1789.
† Probably the meaning is "my reason for not writing her is forgotten."

Bright Sun

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. XV

JANUARY, 1912

No. 1

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE REBELLION
(*Third Paper*)

THE loss of the capital might lead to the breaking up permanently of the Union. It was this that caused an excitement that could not be restrained. The people rose in their majesty, determined, matter what might be the sacrifice, to save the capital and with it the Union. Believing what every person believed, that the capital was in danger, and without being able to communicate with the authorities at Washington, I assumed the responsibility of carrying out not only the views and wishes of the Union Defence Committee, but those of the whole people of the North, which embraced no less the Federal capital than the whole Union.

On May 7th, after I had left New York for my headquarters, as required by Lieutenant-General Scott, I received from the Secretary of War the following letter, not, however, in reply to any letter from myself:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, May 6, 1861.

To Major-General John E. Wool, Troy, N. Y.:

MY DEAR SIR: Appreciating as I do your long, able and faithful services and loyalty to the cause of the country, I write merely to request that no requisition for troops or orders for their removal be hereafter issued without first communicating with this department.

You will, my dear sir, not consider this any reflection on anything you may have heretofore done, but merely to avoid any conflict of orders or confusion of arrangements, and that the department may at all times

know the number of troops called out, and how they may be made available at the shortest notice without interfering with any previous orders.

With sentiments of the highest personal regard and the strongest appreciation of your valor and patriotism, I have the honor to be,

Very truly yours,

SIMON CAMERON,

Secretary of War.

This letter I thus acknowledged:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST,

TROY, N. Y., May 9, 1861.

Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War:

MY DEAR SIR: Be pleased to accept my grateful acknowledgments for your communication of the 6th instant. It is especially gratifying to learn that my conduct hitherto in relation to the affairs of the Union meets your high approbation.

Although I am aware that with the press of business you have little time to read letters, yet as my conduct in connection with the Union Defence Committee of the citizens of New York may not be perfectly understood or appreciated by all in authority at Washington, I avail myself of this occasion to present you with a condensed history of the part I performed in the forwarding of troops and supplies for the protection and defence of Washington, which at the time was reported to be in imminent peril.

To which I added a history of my action with the Union Defence Committee, as represented in this communication, with the omission of ordering Colonel Ellsworth's regiment to embark and a few others of no importance, and concluded my letter as follows:

"It is reported in New York that I was engaged in making contracts for supplies of various kinds to further the objects of the Union Defence Committee, and that the reports have reached Washington. It is

due to myself to say that I made no contracts of any kind whatever for the committee or in behalf of the Government. At the request of the committee, however, I signed two charter parties for the ships. I understood the committee paid the expenses out of the city funds."

I received from the Secretary the following reply:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, June 7, 1861.

Major-General John E. Wool, Troy, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th ult., and I beg you to believe that nothing but a desire to give that careful consideration, which I found myself unable to do, at an earlier moment, has delayed my acknowledgment of its receipt.

You state that it is reported in New York that you were engaged in making contracts for supplies of various kinds to further the objects of the Union Defence Committee, and that these reports have reached Washington, and you explain the extent of your participation in the proceedings of that committee in regard to the contracts. This, I beg to assure you, was unnecessary on your part. No such rumors or reports have reached this department, and if they had would have received no consideration unfavorable to your character. Your own high personal character, as well as your patriotic devotion to the country and long-tried services in its defence, afforded a sufficient shield to protect you against idle reports and vague rumors.

After giving a condensed history of the part performed in forwarding of troops and supplies for the protection and defence of Washington, and which, as you state, were performed without orders from any quarter, you say you reported what you had done and were doing to Lieutenant-General Scott, without obtaining any reply, and that you remained ignorant of the wishes of the authorities until you received a communication from the General-in-Chief directing you to repair to headquarters at Troy. You express an anxiety to learn whether the part you performed met the approbation of the General-in-Chief or the War Department; and though you do not expressly say that the letter

of the General-in-Chief leaves you in doubt on the subject, your letter justifies this inference, and I therefore deem it but due to you to say that this department has no disposition to find fault with or make complaint of your conduct in the emergency to which your letter refers. On the contrary, it believes that you did nothing but what you, at the time, were fully persuaded was necessary and under the circumstances proper. The order of the General-in-Chief could therefore not have been intended to reflect upon your conduct while acting in conjunction with the Union Defence Committee in the city of New York, though a self-constituted, but patriotic body.

In answering you thus frankly, in order to put your mind at rest as to the views of this department, it is due to it, as well as to you, that I should add in the same spirit that you were ordered to return to your headquarters at Troy, because the issuing of orders by you on the application of the various Governors for arms, ammunition, etc., without consultation, a detailed account of which you gave in your letter, seriously embarrassed the prompt and proper administration of the department, and could not be permitted to be continued without a disregard of laws as well as the disarrangements of its operations. This alone was sufficient to order your return to headquarters. Although the War Department had no disposition to find fault with your motives, unauthorized as were your acts, feeling assured that it was the result of patriotic motives, it was itself, in its ordinary course of official business, attending to the same matters through its properly authorized officers, and you, General, so experienced an officer as you are, must admit on reflection that it could not permit a continuance of operations so conflicting with its own, however pure and patriotic might be the motives which induced them.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

SIMON CAMERON,

Secretary of War.

The concluding paragraph of this letter, I must confess, surprises me. Indeed, I find myself unable to reconcile what is there said with the letter of May 6th. In this Secretary Cameron declares he appre-

ciates my zeal, long, able, faithful, and loyal services to the country, with the assurance that in saying what he did he intended no reflection on anything that I had heretofore done. In the letter of June 7th the Secretary says that I was ordered to return to my headquarters at Troy because the issuing of orders by me, on the application of the various Governors for arms, ammunition, etc., without consultation—a detailed account of which I gave him in my letter—seriously embarrassed the prompt and proper administration of his department, and could not be permitted to be continued without a disregard of law, as well as the disarrangement of its operations. “This alone was sufficient to order your return to headquarters.” He, however, believes that I was prompted by patriotic motives, and that I did nothing but what I at the time was fully persuaded was necessary and under the circumstances proper. The Secretary, while penning the causes which sent me to my headquarters, must have overlooked the fact that at the time I was issuing orders to supply the various Governors with arms and ammunition no communication could be had with the authorities at Washington, and therefore he could not be consulted. Nevertheless, I made efforts to consult him by reporting what I was doing to Lieutenant-General Scott, at the same time writing to him, anxious to know the wishes and desires of the administration. Finally, I sent a special messenger to Washington, who returned without obtaining any information on the subject. But the Secretary says I seriously embarrassed the prompt and proper administration of its operations, and that it was itself in its ordinary course of business attending to the same matters through *its properly authorized officers.* (See Cummings' letter, which follows, for “authorized officers.”) How could this be when all communications between Washington and the Northern States were prevented by the rebels in Baltimore? If, however, arrangements were made in relation to the movements of troops, or of arming the militia with reference to future operations in the field or the protection of Washington, as indicated by the Secretary, I, as commander of the Eastern Department, and next in rank to Lieutenant-General Scott, ought to have been notified of the fact. This would have been no less in accordance with the usual practice than it was due to the high character so frankly awarded to me in the several communications of the Secretary. Again,

my experience in organizing and preparing volunteers for the field would of itself have been sufficient to have designated me for the services which the perilous state of the capital seemed to demand. I, however, received no orders in the case. To *hurry* troops to Washington was not sent to me, but, as it would appear, to the Union Defence Committee of New York and the Governors of States. The emergency demanded prompt action. It was called for by the free States of the North, from apprehension that not only the Federal Capital, but the Union was in danger of a total dissolution. The services which I performed were in accordance with the wishes and desires of the people of the States north of the border States, and approved and urged by Vice-President Hamlin, Governor Morgan, Senator Sherman, of Ohio; Senator Chandler, of Michigan; Senator Foote, of Vermont; Senator Baker, of Oregon; to which I might add all the Governors of the Northern free States. The requisitions on me of the various Governors were in consequence of not being able to communicate with the authorities at Washington. If I had failed or hesitated to perform what the whole country required, I would have been denounced for wanting in zeal and firmness, if not as an enemy to the country.

I received no instructions from the Secretary of War, and heard of none, except in the despatch of Thurlow Weed, dated April 21st, and what will be found in the following letter:

WAR DEPARTMENT, April 21, 1861.

Alexander Cummings, Esq.:

This department needs at this moment an intelligent, experienced, and energetic man, in whom it can rely to assist in pushing forward troops, ammunitions, and supplies. You are acquainted with the internal arrangement and connections of the railroads in Pennsylvania, over which, for the present, they will have to come; and while I am aware that your private affairs may demand your time, I am sure your patriotism will induce you to aid me even at some loss to yourself.

With this in view I will thank you, in consultation with the officers of the army and navy, to assist in getting vessels or arranging with the railroad companies, for the accommodation of the troops, as fast as they

are ready to march to their destination, and also to assist them in making purchases or other arrangements, and to communicate at the earliest moment any information of service to this department.

Very respectfully,

SIMON CAMERON,

Secretary of War.

The above letter was endorsed by me as follows:

"Alexander Cummings will confer with Colonel Tompkins and Major Eaton, who will give such instructions as will enable him to carry out the instructions of the Secretary of War. He will also confer with the Union Defence Committee, who will employ him in the capacity and in the discharge of the duties indicated in the instructions of the Secretary of War."

By examination of Secretary Cameron's letter to Alexander Cummings, Esq., it will be perceived that a civilian was charged with the execution of duties that properly belonged to the staff-officers stationed in the city of New York — viz., Colonel D. D. Tompkins, Assistant Quartermaster-General, Major Eaton, Commissary of Subsistence, and Major Thornton, of Ordnance, all capable, efficient, and prompt in the discharge of every duty required of them, and under my orders performed the duties assigned to Mr. Cummings. The railroads to Washington could not be used for the transportation of troops or supplies, owing to the destruction of bridges, etc., by rebels from Baltimore; hence they were sent by way of the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay. I ordered Colonel Tompkins to send two vessels to ply between Perrysville and Annapolis, for the purpose of transporting troops and supplies to the latter place as soon as it could be done with safety. Arrangements accordingly were made with the railroad companies, and General Patterson sent troops to Perrysville to guard that place. Therefore, as it appears to me, I in no wise interfered with any arrangements made by Secretary Cameron with Mr. Cummings. On the contrary, I think all that he expected of the latter gentleman was more than he anticipated by the measures adopted

under my orders. Why should Mr. Cummings be employed when we had staff-officers to perform the duties required of him?

In thus presenting my views in regard to my conduct while in connection with the Union Defence Committee, and in relation to the orders of Lieutenant-General Scott and Secretary Cameron, I would not be understood to complain of being sent to my headquarters at Troy, or of not being ordered into the field to battle against the traitors of the Union.

The President having the power, has, of course, the right to judge of the fitness of officers for command, whether for the field or any other military position. But I think I have just cause to complain of being placed in the position I find myself, and for no other reason than I made efforts and furnished means to save the Federal Capital. In ordering arms and ammunition to be issued to various Governors, I did no more, and for the same reasons, than what the President has done. It was a "*necessity*" demanded by the whole people of the North, arising from the perilous state of the country, all communication with Washington being closed.

Therefore is it just that I should be confined at my headquarters, when the Union Defence Committee, with whom I was associated and who approbated my conduct in the most exalted terms, receive more than the thanks of the administration, without allusion to myself, for the forces that arrived so opportunely at the capital; that civilians should be appointed to take rank over me in the army, and that I should be refused a command, although named for one — by Lieutenant-General Scott?

Permit me to ask, is such loyalty and devotion to country to be spurned by this administration? I feel that the people of the North will not sanction such conduct, nor will they ever abandon their best and devoted friend, who has never faltered in vindicating their interests, honor, or welfare.

Your friend,
JOHN E. WOOL.

LE GRAND B. CANNON.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE ROMANCE OF GENEALOGY

CHAPTER VIII (*Continued.*)

RICHARD McPike's next younger brother, John Mountain McPike (third son of James and Martha), was born February 5th, 1795, at Wheeling, then in Virginia, when his parents, James and Martha, with their young family were on their way down the Ohio river in a flat-boat, such as that on which Captain Moses Guest emigrated to the western country in 1817. John Mountain McPike at an early age went to Cincinnati and entered the printing-shop of Looker and Reynolds to learn the trade. He afterwards engaged in the printing business and removing to Lawrenceburg, Indiana, before 1825, edited and published *The Indiana Whig*, in 1834, devoted to the abolition of slavery. This required no little personal bravery at a border town like Lawrenceburg, on the Ohio river, a dividing line between slaveholding and free states. Tradition recites that in 1825 he was a member of the committee for the public reception of Lafayette at Cincinnati, presumably as a delegate from Lawrenceburg. There does not seem now to be in existence any list of the members of that committee. Governor James B. Ray, of Indiana, commissioned John McPike, lieutenant Light Infantry in the Fifty-fifth regiment of the militia of that state, July 24th, 1826. John McPike was an Associate Judge of Dearborn County, Indiana, 1830-1835, and in 1837, was elected Probate Judge. He removed to Wilmington, Indiana, and settled finally in Alton, Illinois, in December 1847 or January 1848, where he died in February, 1876. He married at Cincinnati, March 9th, 1820, Lydia Jane Guest (daughter of Captain Moses Guest and Lydia Dumont, his wife) by whom he had:—

- i. Edmund Haley [or Hailey] born in Cincinnati, Dec. 18, 1821; served in Mexican War; married and has several children living in California. [There is, however, another unrelated family of McPike in San Francisco.]
- ii. Henry Guest, born in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, July 6th, 1825, died April 18, 1910, of whom a sketch will be appended.

- iii. George Dunn, born July 22, 1828; died Aug. 15; 1844, unmarried.
- iv. William Cowper, born March 7, 1836; died at Kansas City, Missouri, February 3rd, 1911. A prominent pharmacist; President of the McPike Drug Company of Atchison, Kansas, and later of Kansas City, wholesalers. He was survived by his widow, four daughters, Mrs. Robert McQueen, Mrs. W. T. Bland, Misses Blanche and Genevieve, and one son, Avis G.

Reverting now to the immediate children of the original James McPike (born *circa* 1751): The fourth son Haley, married a Miss Shaw (? of Missouri), was in War of 1812 under Governor Shelby, Kentucky militia; had two children: John, who died in Alton; George, who married "is in Arkansas" [*circa* 1868]. No later trace of descendants can be found, although some may be living in Missouri or Arkansas.

James McPike's fifth son George died single in Indiana; the sixth son, James died in infancy.

Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of James McPike and Martha his wife, married Jonathan Smith and had one child, Jeannette, who married Christopher Blackburn of Charlotte county, Virginia, and had one surviving child, Catherine, who married, first, Blair Patterson Hereford, a lawyer, who died leaving three daughters, Eudora, Anna and Katie; Mrs. Hereford married, secondly, Hon. A. C. Ellis and had issue, *inter alia*, a son, Hon. Wade H. Ellis, who became Attorney-General of the State of Ohio, and later Assistant to the Attorney-General of the United States. His mother died in Covington, Kentucky, *circa* 1908.

Nancy the second daughter of James and Martha McPike, married Richard Lindsey, of Greenville, Indiana, and had issue.

Sarah, her sister, married James Morehouse, and had issue.

Martha, the youngest daughter of James and Martha McPike, married James Dickens and had issue. Her only living grandchild,

Mrs. Martha MacPike Stuart Clark (born Dickens, in 1885), is residing near the town of California, in Kentucky,

NOTES

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CHAPTER IX

LYON, WELLS, FAIRFIELD AND THURBER FAMILIES

Dr. Ashbel Woodward, in his *Life of General Nathaniel Lyon* (Hartford, 1862) says that unquestionably our New England Lyons are derived from the noble family of that name in North Britain, from whom are descended the Earls of Strathmore. Various attempts by different investigators, to confirm this alleged relationship, have been made in vain. It is not easy to cite any conclusive evidence touching the ancestry of one William Lyon, who, aged 14 years, emigrated from London, on the *Hopewell*, to Boston, in 1635. He settled in Roxbury; became a member of the ancient and Honorable Artillery Company; married Sarah Ruggles (born in England, April 19, 1629), and died about May 21, 1692, leaving issue, *inter alia*, John Lyon, born in Roxbury, in April, 1647, died January 15, 1703, having married May 10, 1670, Abigail Polley (born June 4, 1654; died Jan. 15, 1703), by whom he had:—

William Lyon, born in Roxbury, Sept. 15, 1675; died in Woodstock, Connecticut, Sept. 17, 1741; married, Nov. 8, 1699, first, Deborah Colborn (died April 18, 1714, aged 34), by whom he had:—

Aaron Lyon, born in Woodstock, January 11, 1706-7; died May 24, 1746; married, secondly, about April 9, 1740, Elizabeth Allen, by whom he had:—

Isaiah Lyon, born in Woodstock, Jan. 29, 1743; died in South Woodstock ("Quasset") Aug. 25, 1813; was, undoubtedly, identical with the Isaiah Lyon, private, in Captain Samuel McClellan's company, of Woodstock ("36 horses rode") in the Lexington Alarm, April, 1775. Among family heirlooms is a Hessian gun said to have been used by him in the Revolutionary War. This relic will presumably pass into the hands of his descendant, Mr. Charles LeRoy Goulding, a jeweler, of Alton, Illinois. Isaiah Lyon married October 24, 1765, Sibyl Ranney, by whom he had:—

Luther Wells Lyon, senior, born in South Woodstock; died about 1851; married, first, Nancy Wells, his cousin, by whom he had, *inter alia*:—

Luther Wells Lyon, junior, born in South Woodstock, May 5, 1802; was a Free Mason; migrated to Illinois about 1840; died not intestate near Bethalto, Madison County, Illinois, July 30, 1885. He, like others of the family; was buried in the private cemetery on the farming estate of his son-in-law, the late Wiley G. Preuitt, near Bethalto. This cemetery was afterwards publicly dedicated by the latter, as now appears of record in Book No. 74, page 379 of the County Recorder's office at Edwardsville. According to family tradition and indeed from his own lips, Luther Wells Lyon, junior, was a third cousin of the brave General Nathaniel Lyon who served in the Mexican War and whose firm stand in the War of the Rebellion saved Missouri to the Union, but at the cost of his life, at the battle of Wilson's Creek, in 1861. Owing to some possible differences in the method of determining cousinships, it is not quite certain whether their respective grandfathers were brothers or first cousins. Luther Wells Lyon, junior, married February 27, 1831, Martha Wardwell Fairfield (died in 1870) by whom he had issue several children, including:—

Nannie Louise Lyon, born in Woodriver township, near Alton, Illinois, February 8th, 1844; married Henry Guest M'Pike, of Alton, October 12, 1869, and had issue one only child:—

Eugene Fairfield McPike, born in Alton, July 18, 1870; married at Chicago, September 2nd, 1895, Ada Florence Denton, only surviving daughter of John Denton and Elizabeth Waddingham, his second wife.

* * * * *

Nancy Wells (the first wife of Luther Wells Lyon, senior) was born April 17, 1781, and died Jan. 3, 1815. She was a daughter of Henry Wells (born Jan. 28, 1753; died Oct. 14, 1823) and Nancy Shirtliff, his wife (born April 30, 1760; died April 24, 1815).

Martha Wardwell Fairfield, wife of Luther Wells Lyon, junior, was a daughter of David Fairfield (born about 1778; died about 1817) of Woodstock, and Hannah Thurber (born about 1781, perhaps in Providence, R. I.), his wife, who were married in Providence, Dec. 7, 1797. Hannah Thurber's father was William Thurber, of Providence, who became later a merchant in New York. David Fairfield and Hannah, his wife, had several children, from one of whom is descended Mrs. Carrie Corbin (born Fairfield), of Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Corbin were married near Woodstock, Connecticut, at a point on the hills overhanging Putnam's famous wolf-den, which the present writer, as a boy, visited about 1878, during a brief sojourn in New England with his mother and maternal grandfather.

NOTES

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New York Genealogical and Biographical Record, Vol. xxviii., pages 75-79, 235-237; Vol. xxix., pages 98-100, 102-103.
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CHAPTER X

THE DENTON FAMILY IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

"Some believe that the family of Denton came into Britain with the Romans; first, because it is a Roman name, as appears in two epigrams in Martial *In Dentonem*; secondly, from Julius Dentatus, a consul in Rome, who, after his consulship, came into England with Julius

Agricola, and built a tower upon the Picts' wall, and called it Denton, supposed to be, and which, in all probability, may be that old tower at Denton Hall (Cumberland) which stands very nigh that old wall, and there never was any other known of that name. The first inhabitant we read of here was one Bueth, a Saxon, whose ancestors were lords thereof long before the Conquest."

"Others believe Denton to be a Saxon family, because of the termination of the word in 'on.'" (Cf. Burke's *Landed Gentry*, for 1850, vol ii, Supplement, pp. 100-101; London, 1850.)

Concerning the ancient history of the family of Denton, we shall, for the present, rest content with the quotation of the foregoing remarks on the origin of that surname.

But we must not pass unnoticed an interesting story of how the Cumberland Dentons (the original stock of the family) obtained their coat-of-arms, viz., a lion with a sword in his paw, issuing from the top of a tower in flames, with the motto: "No Surrender." It was thus: John Denton accompanied Balliol in his expedition against the Scotch, and when Balliol dispossessed Bruce . . . he made grants of land to Denton and amongst other dignities made him Steward of the Royal domain of Annandale. Bruce fought to regain those lands, but Denton held on until the castle was in flames, the walls undermined and ready to fall. "A noble deed, and one to be remembered by all who have Denton blood in their veins."

* * * * *

The notes following relate chiefly to a branch of the family formerly residing at Beverley, in Yorkshire, and to which belonged, it appears, one William (?) Denton, who flourished *circa* 1800-1825. He became a Government contractor and, according to tradition, erected several fortifications along the British coast. His kinsman, John Denton No. 1, was born in Yorkshire, *circa* 1791, and died in South Norwood, London, *circa* 1867-8, aged about 76 years, having married Mary Waddingham, May 27, 1819 (in Hotham Church, parish of St. Oswald's, Hotham, Yorkshire), by whom he had issue, as follows:—William, born March 28, 1820; John, born April 6, 1822; Samuel, born *circa* 1834; Joseph.

William Denton (eldest surviving child of John Denton, No. 1, and Mary his wife) was born in Beverley, Yorkshire, March 28, 1820, and was baptized on the following day in the united parishes of St. Mary and St. Nicholas, of the same place. His parents then resided at Lair Gate, Beverley. He removed to London, engaged in the building business, and subsequently took up his residence at Folkestone, Kent, where he continued in the same occupation until he retired, shortly before his decease at Folkestone, July 20, 1905. He was thrice married, but died without issue, and was survived by his widow, Mrs. Harriet Denton, who caused to be erected in the cemetery at Folkestone, a monument to his memory. His will, dated August 13, 1904, proved at London, September 6, 1905, names his widow, his only surviving brother Joseph (since deceased) and his three nephews and one niece.

John Denton No. 2 (second surviving child of John Denton No. 1, and Mary his wife) was born in Beverley, April 6, 1822, and was baptized on the twelfth of the same month, in the united parishes of St. John and St. Martin, in Beverley. His parents' abode at that time is given as "Keld Gate." He settled in London and became a partner of his elder brother, William, in the building business. During the latter part of the year 1870 he removed to the city of Chicago, where he died intestate, March 13th, 1904. His remains were interred by those of his second wife, in Oakwoods Cemetery, Chicago. He married first, *circa* 1846, in Yorkshire, Mary Lawton (who died *circa* 1857, at No. 31, Margaretta Terrace, Chelsea, London), and by that marriage had surviving issue, as follows:—Robert Watson, born August 8, 1847; John, born August 8, 1849; Joseph, born October 28, 1853.

John Denton No. 2 married, secondly, at Chelsea, May 3rd, 1859, his own cousin, Elizabeth Waddingham (daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Waddingham; born at Hotham, Yorkshire, March 7, 1835; baptized March 19, 1835; died in Chicago, March 24, 1900), and by that second marriage had as surviving issue one only child, to wit:—Ada Florence, born February 8, 1870, at Addiscombe, Croydon, near London.

Elizabeth, wife of Joseph Waddingham, bore the maiden name Brabbs, since changed to Brabb, as borne now by several collateral descendants residing in Romeo, near Detroit, Michigan. Joseph Wad-

dingham and Elizabeth his wife had several children, including a daughter who married a Park(s) of Collingwood, Ontario, of whom a son, Mr. Joseph Arthur Park and a daughter, Mrs. B. I. Angus, reside in Owosso, Michigan.

Samuel Denton (third surviving child of John Denton No. 1, and Mary, his wife), was born *circa* 1834; married Sophia. . . . , and died August 25, 1877, aged forty-three years, without issue. As there is no record of his will at Somerset House, London, it appears that he died intestate. He was for some years manager for the firm of Merry and Nutter, in Whitechapel, London.

Joseph Denton (fourth surviving child of John Denton No. 1, and Mary, his wife), married, and died August 22, 1910, at Folkestone, as a widower and childless.

Robert Watson Denton, builder, of 49 High Street, Cheriton, Folkestone, Kent (eldest surviving child of John Denton No. 2, and Mary, his first wife) was born in Yorkshire, August 8, 1847; married Minnie , and has issue: William, Cyril, Emma Gwendolyn, Elsie, Florence Beatrice.

John Denton, No. 3, of Chicago (second surviving child of John Denton No. 2 and Mary his first wife), was born at Market Weighton in Yorkshire, August 8, 1849. He removed to America, *circa* 1871, his present residence being in Chicago, with a country-home in Frankfort, Benzie County, Michigan. He married, first at Burlington, Iowa, Jane Wright (born in Cambridge, England, July 6, 1849; died in Hobart, Indiana, March 25, 1876) and by her had issue:—Thirza Agnes, born in Burlington, Iowa, September 29, 1871; Edmund James, born in Hobart, Indiana, August 7, 1874.

John Denton No. 3 married, secondly, in Chicago, March 7, 1881, Emma (born February 6, 1855), and by this second marriage has issue as follows:—Olive Edna, born in Chicago, March 12, 1882; Esther Emma, b. *ibid.*, October 11, 1883; Bessie Ada, b. *ibid.*, September 6, 1885; Valentina Jennie, b. *ibid.*, February 14, 1888; Robert Joseph, b. *ibid.*, February 6, 1890; John Edgar, b. *ibid.*, January 16,

1892; Ruth Helen, b. *ibid.*, September 14, 1893; Mary Elizabeth, b. *ibid.*, August 27, 1895.

Joseph Denton (third surviving child of John Denton No. 2, and Mary his first wife) was born at No. 31, Margaretta Terrace, Chelsea, London, October 28th, 1853; married December 14, 1880, May O. Willson; no issue. Now residing in Osage City, Oklahoma and Hutchinson, Kansas.

Ada Florence Denton (only surviving child of John Denton No. 2 by Elizabeth, his second wife) was born at No. 1, Maitland Vilas, Canning Road, Addiscombe, Croydon, London, February 8, 1870; married at Chicago, September 2, 1895, Eugene Fairfield McPike (son of Henry Guest McPike and Nannie Louise Lyon, his wife), now resides at No. 723, East Forty-second Street, Chicago, and has issue:—

Elizabeth McPike, born at Chicago, June 11, 1897;

Helen McPike, b. *ibid.*, October 19, 1903.

Thirza Agnes Denton (eldest daughter of John Denton No. 3 and Jane his first wife) was born at Burlington, Iowa, September 29, 1871; married, first, at Chicago, April 30, 1901, Ebenezer Read, who died February 4, 1902, without issue. The latter's widow married, secondly, Henry Chapman Perdue, April 22, 1904, and has issue:

James Denton Perdue, born January 25, 1907.

Edmund James Denton (eldest son of John Denton No. 3, and Jane his first wife) was born at Hobart, Indiana, August 7, 1874; married, June 2, 1893, Mrs. Susie —, born Jackson, and has issue:—

Eleanor Elizabeth, born November 13, 1905.

EUGENE F. MCPIKE.

CHICAGO.

NOTES

Yorkshire Notes and Queries (Bradford, England), August, 1908.

MS. letter, 3 May, 1909, from A. Denton Cheney, Esq., F.S.A., F.R.H.S., 23 Billiter Street, London, E. C. (*in re* Denton arms).

New York Genealogical and Biographical Record, Vol. xxix., page 240.

Notes and Queries, London 10th Series, Vol. v., page 209; Vol. xi., page 366, *et passim*.

Folkestone Herald (Folkestone, Kent, England), Dec. 19, 1908 (page 10, col. 4) and Feb. 20, 1909 (page 10, col. 2).

WHAT WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S RELIGION?

WHAT was Abraham Lincoln's religion?" This question has long been a topic for discussion—nay even bitter controversy, and instead of being settled, it seems to have become more and more a subject for debate among those interested in the life of the Martyr-President.

He has been claimed by the most orthodox Christians as holding their tenets of faith, as well as by the Unitarians. Infidels, Freethinkers and Deists assert that he was one of their number, while Spiritualists contend that he looked with favor on their phenomena. Several times the query has arisen as to whether in his early life he was not a Catholic; he has been called a Universalist, a materialist and a rationalist, while some writers say that he can only be compared to the Jewish prophets of old, one author within the last few years having published a book which tends to show him a prophet inspired of God.

Probably the first attempt of any significance to determine his religious opinions was made in J. G. Holland's biography, issued in 1865, shortly after the assassination. In this Dr. Holland claimed him to have been a Christian, basing his assertion chiefly on the testimony of Newton Bateman, Superintendent of Public Instruction in Illinois at that time, who had given him a minute account of an interview held with Lincoln during the Presidential campaign of 1860. This has often been referred to as the "famous Bateman interview."

In 1870 the Toledo *Index* printed a lengthy communication from W. H. Herndon, giving an extended interpretation of what he considered had been his law partner's Freethought views. This letter has recently been reprinted in the *Truthseeker*, a New York "freethought" publication.

Two years later Ward H. Lamon's biography appeared, following the line of Herndon's reasoning as regarded Lincoln's religious belief, or rather lack of it. But as Lamon also had been a law-partner of Lincoln, as well as his Marshal at Washington during his Presidency, the general tone of his work, especially in analyzing Lincoln's character,

and more particularly the disparaging manner in which he referred to his old friend's religious views, was for a long time regarded by Lincoln lovers as inexplicable. However, comparatively recently it has been proven conclusively that this book was in reality penned by Chauncey F. Black, a son of Jeremiah S. Black, Attorney-General in Buchanan's Cabinet and a political opponent of Lincoln.

This work was extensively reviewed in all the current magazines, being severely criticised in *Scribner's*,* of which Dr. Holland was editor.

About a year later † the same magazine contained a lecture by Rev. James A. Reed on "The Later Life and Religious Sentiments of Abraham Lincoln," written out at the request of Dr. Holland. This lecture was printed as a reply to Herndon and Lamon.

Hon. Isaac N. Arnold's *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, wherein is given a rather extended exposition of what the author considered were the views of the great Emancipator on the topic under discussion, and in which he is made to appear as a Christian in the fullest sense of the word, was published in 1885.

Until his "Herndon's Lincoln: The True Story of a Great Life" appeared in 1890, Herndon wrote and lectured much on this subject, and was also engaged in several controversies. Chapter 14 of his work is an epitome of his previous expressions along that line.

"Was Lincoln a Spiritualist," by Nettie C. Maynard was issued in 1891. In this the author takes the affirmative side.

In 1893 occurred the controversy between Robert G. Ingersoll and General Charles H. T. Collis, the former maintaining that "Abraham Lincoln's religion was the religion of Voltaire and Paine," the latter denying it, and adducing evidence in support of his contention. This correspondence, with additional testimony, was published in pamphlet form in 1900 by General Collis.

John E. Remsburg's *Abraham Lincoln: Was He a Christian?*, after running serially in the *Truthseeker* was issued in book form in 1893.

* *Scribner's Monthly*, August 1872.

† *Ibid.*, July 1873.

This evidence was intelligently collected and interestingly arranged, and aside from its rather polemical tone, makes very good reading. Remsburg follows the line laid down by Herndon and Lamon.

Orrin H. Pennell of the East Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church published in 1899 a booklet of sixty pages on *The Religious Views of Abraham Lincoln*, contending that he was an orthodox Christian in every particular.

During the last few years several addresses and a few monographs dealing with the subject have appeared. All of them possess some merit, and it is understood that there are now in the course of preparation, at least three more bearing on the same theme. One of the best of the later items is undoubtedly Major William H. Lambert's *The Faith of Abraham Lincoln*.

Magazines and newspapers also have teemed with articles claiming this or that to have been his religion, and giving scores of anecdotes in support of each particular contention. One of the most interesting of the recent statements is *The Conversion of Abraham Lincoln*, by Rev. Edward L. Watson, in the *Christian Advocate* of November 11, 1909. This shows Lincoln to have been converted in good old Methodist style in 1839.

About four years ago, the writer,—a collector of Lincolniana and a student of the life of Abraham Lincoln—conceived and acted upon the idea of writing to those of Lincoln's friends then known to be living, as well as the leading collectors and biographers, whose addresses could be procured, requesting them for their views on this question. In the majority of instances, the response has been most cordial. Many and varied opinions have been expressed. Among the most interesting are the accompanying statements, which are given as a hitherto unpublished contribution to the literature of the controversy.

Probably the one who could speak with the most authority, who in all likelihood knew him better than any man then living, was Col. A. K. McClure of Philadelphia. He has written much of Abraham Lincoln in books, magazine and newspaper articles and the like, but I do not think that I have ever seen his opinions on this subject in print. The

following is from a letter received from him in 1908: "I have yours of the 8th inquiring whether I had any knowledge of Lincoln's religious belief, and especially as to his belief in the atonement. Anyone examining Lincoln's writings must be profoundly impressed with his absolute reverence for and faith in God, and I had many times heard him speak of the Overruling Power of the nation and the world, but I cannot recall a single conversation on the subject of the Atonement. I always assumed from his evident high appreciation of Christianity that he had faith in the Atonement. I never heard him utter a sentence that indicated in any way want of faith in it. If he did not cherish such faith, it is quite likely that at some time or other he would have given some expression to his doubts on the subject. While I cannot give any personal conversation as to Lincoln on the subject, I have never doubted his faith in Christianity. I do not know whether it was his purpose to join the church shortly before his death. He was a very reticent man, and I doubt whether if that had been his purpose he would have expressed it until he carried it into effect. I have seen the statements about him attending spiritualistic seances, but I do not credit them. He may have done so, but I am quite sure that he was not in any way unbalanced or affected by spiritualists."

Mr. Gibson W. Harris, who was a student in Lincoln and Herndon's law office in 1845-47, in a letter dated April 17, 1908, from Holly Hill, Florida, writes: "I do not recall a single instance during my acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln, which commenced in 1840 and lasted until 1861 * * * wherein he gave expression to his religious views. I can therefore give you only my opinion of his beliefs and unbeliefs.

He believed in a first great cause, a Creator. He did not believe in Christ as being the only Son of God; all men and women were his children. In this respect he was an Unitarian—a Universalist as far as a special place of punishment was reserved for the wicked. He was a Deist. The Chinese creed (if I may call it a creed) was his. 'God is one, religions are many; all mankind are brothers,' and he lived up to this creed. He never used profane language. He was not a member of any church or any secret order."

Another law student of Lincoln and Herndon's was Mr. Henry B. Rankin, still living in Springfield, Ill. Mr. Rankin writes, March 6,

1911: "Your letter of inquiry of February 21st was duly received. You ask, 'Do you consider Lincoln a Christian or a Deist?' Most assuredly I consider he was a Christian, as I understand Christianity—*viz.* The religion of Jesus Christ.

Again: 'Do you think he attended Spiritualistic séances? Such a "think" is absolutely absurd to me as regards Mr. Lincoln from 1850 to 1860 (the period I was near him). He was not of the cast of mind attracted by occult things, and in those years was so thoroughly absorbed with great practical themes there could have been no room for such diversions, if I may so name them.'

How he grew out of, above, and beyond all environments can never be accurately traced out without recognizing the Unseen Hand that guided all. No one realized this more, or relied on it in life than Mr. Lincoln did in his own. How fully his state papers reveal this."

Mr. Horace White of New York, who reported Lincoln's speeches in the Lincoln-Douglas Debates in Illinois in 1858 and came to know him intimately, writes thus: "You ask whether I think that Abraham Lincoln was a Christian. There are so many varieties of Christians in the world that the question is a difficult one to answer. In my younger days Unitarians and Universalists were not usually classed as Christians in the community where I lived, although they went to church on Sunday and took the Bible as their principal guide. Now, however, I find that they are generally classed as Christians, although misguided ones. If you mean by the word Christian one who believes that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, born of a virgin, and that he was sent into the world to be an atonement for the sins of the inhabitants of the world by his own death on the cross, I do not believe that Abraham Lincoln was a Christian. If you mean by the word a man who takes Christ as an example of the conduct of life and sincerely takes up his cross and follows that example, I believe that he was a Christian. But I must add that he never said anything to me on the subject of religion, nor to any other persons in my presence. The opinion which I have expressed above is derived from other persons who were his near neighbors and intimate friends in Springfield, Illinois. I do not believe that Lincoln ever attended a Spiritualistic *séance* except as a matter of curiosity, as

I myself have done. I never heard him mention the subject, nor did I ever hear any intimate friend of his speak of him as inclined to a belief in Spiritualism."

The following are extracts from two letters received from Col. William O. Stoddard, now living in Madison, N. J., who was one of President Lincoln's private secretaries and has written much of him: "The question, 'Was Lincoln an Infidel,' is one which could not be asked by one who knew him as I did, nor answered by one, like my old friend Herndon, of Springfield, who absolutely did not see him or correspond with him during the last four years of his life, the years of his greatest religious thought and development. It is a question I was called to answer on the platform, before the faculty and students of Drew Theological Seminary, and they declared entire approval. What is an 'infidel'? My own theology you may imagine from the fact that I was, during many years, on the editorial staff of a leading religious journal and am an ordained Baptist deacon of the old style, leaving out the name of Calvin, of whom I am not a disciple. Now, the larger, much the larger part, of the nominal Christian world, Roman, Greek, or Protestant, would severely reject my ideas. All Bibliolators would do so. But I cannot question the vital 'Christianity' of a man who utterly believed in God; in his duty, before God, to his fellow men; in the teachings of the Scriptures; in the Christ as his example; and who could call upon the people as Lincoln did, to *join him* in prayer, in repentance for sin and in thanksgiving for Divine Mercy.

You are young, now. Grow older in a deeper and more Christ-like understanding of the words, 'Through much tribulation do ye enter into the kingdom.' For that is the way, through duties done and trials and sufferings endured, that the spiritual life of Abraham Lincoln grew up—*out of sight* of the uninspired critics who never knew him at all. I knew him.

He never had the slightest symptoms of 'Spiritism' and was the last man to put in any of his really valuable time on 'Mediums' of any sort."

Mr. Paul Selby of Chicago, a personal friend of Lincoln, and author of *Anecdotal Lincoln*, writes April 22, 1908: "Replying to

your letter of April 12th, I would state that my opinion in reference to Mr. Lincoln's religious views would be based first, on his personal character and secondly, on his utterances, especially during his career as President.

While he never adopted any sectarian creed or made a public profession of faith, there is abundant evidence that he was a close student of the Bible, was a regular attendant on religious service, and in a general way recognized the truths of Christianity. What his belief was as to the doctrine of the Atonement, I could not say. From the day of his leaving Springfield in February, 1861, to assume the duties of President (and even at an earlier date) up to his last inaugural address, he frequently gave utterance to sentiments indicating his belief in the existence of a Supreme Being and even declared 'fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away.' While opinions as to his religious faith, in the absence of any avowed creed, must remain largely conjectural, there is no doubt as to his personal integrity and unselfish patriotism.

Whatever may have been the theories which Lincoln discussed in his youth and early manhood, and which brought upon him the charge that he was an 'infidel,' I think there is no conclusive evidence that they were grounded in his character, or adhered to in his later manhood."

In a letter of April 23, 1910, Mr. Selby adds: "While Mr. Lincoln has been accorded a reputation by some writers as possessing a tendency to superstition, if he attended any *séances* conducted by Spiritualists, I think he was there merely as a curiosity seeker or investigator."

Hon. Henry A. Melvin, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of California, both of whose parents were near neighbors and intimate friends of Lincoln in Springfield before the war, in an interesting letter dated June 18, 1910, writes: "My father always spoke of Mr. Lincoln as a real Christian. They often discussed religious matters, and Mr. Lincoln's attitude towards such things was very reverent. His knowledge of the Bible was considerable, and he frequently used in his speeches quotations or incidents taken from Holy Writ. I have often heard my

mother say that when he was greatly troubled by business worry, personal sorrow or domestic friction Mr. Lincoln would sit in a rocking chair, swinging back and forth, looking out of the window, and singing old-fashioned hymns. His voice was not very good and his ear for music not of the best, yet he seemed to gain much solace, my mother thought, from the old songs. Curiously enough his favorite was the old hymn containing the lines that were to be brokenly sung by many a dying soldier in the awful pen at Andersonville (I quote from memory) :

' There I can bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across this peaceful breast.' "

Mr. H. E. Barker, probably the oldest as well as one of the largest dealers in Lincolniana in the country, whose home is in Lincoln's old home town, Springfield, writes June 11, 1910: " Aside from what I have read of Lincoln's religious views, I have talked with many of his early acquaintances and am now settled in my belief, first, that in his young manhood he was skeptical, even to the point of writing an article in defence of his views which he read to a circle of friends gathered in a store here in Springfield. I made a search for this manuscript but it could not be found. It is reported that a friend thrust it into the stove and destroyed it. His law partner Herndon was of the same or greater skeptical nature, and so did not help Lincoln to the light. Later on, under grief at his children's deaths and the burden of the war, he unquestionably turned back to the teachings of his boyhood and plainly evinced his belief in God, and showed the confidence of fellowship with him. I firmly believe that Lincoln, for at least three years before his death, was a Christian.

I am obliged to 'take stock' in the statements that he attended Spiritualistic *séances*—his nature was peculiarly suited to experiments along that line. But he never became one of them, and it is no reflection on his character that he grasped at anything that might help him. I think that Pennell's little pamphlet on 'The Religious Views of Abraham Lincoln' comes as near giving a correct estimate as anything I have seen."

In 1860 Mr. Alban Jasper Conant, now living in New York, painted Lincoln's portrait at Springfield, and during the winter of 1861-62 resided at Washington—Attorney-General Bates being his subject this time. The artist therefore had many opportunities for studying the Martyr-President. In reply to a letter of inquiry sent him, his daughter Mrs. Carrie Conant Smith, answering for her father and in his own words, writes June 2, 1910: "I attended the same church with Mr. Lincoln in Washington, sat behind him for many months; nobody was more attentive than he to the services. When he left Springfield, after his election, he asked the prayers of the people, that he might have the guidance of the Almighty in all that lay before him. He was far above the conflicting ideas of creed, and I heard him say, when he found a church that taught the teachings of Jesus Christ, he should join it."

In line with the last statement given above is one made by Major J. B. Merwin, now of Middlefield, Conn., who enjoyed the friendship of Lincoln for thirteen years, and has delivered several lectures on various phases of his career. In a short communication received in October, 1910, he informs me that he heard President Lincoln make a statement of like import to the Hon. Henry C. Deming, member of Congress from Connecticut during the Civil War. Major Merwin also vouchsafes the following information: "I knew Mr. Lincoln intimately from 1852 on to the day of his assassination—dined with him that day. He came to be one of the most profoundly Christian men I ever knew. He had no religious cant about him at all. In regard to the matter of séances, I think he did say that from all he could gather the spirits made his friends such consummate fools, 'that if they could rap, they would rap their skulls.' I heard and saw Mr. Lincoln pray, often. How could any one stand up under such awful burdens as he carried without Divine aid? He made no mistakes. He was divinely guided, and asked—begged—for such guidance, conscious of his own need of help beyond any human aid."

In sharp contrast to the above, is the following from Mr. C. F. Gunther, a leading collector, of Chicago: "In reply to your letter would say that in my opinion and belief I am sure that Mr. Lincoln was not a Christian. In a conversation with his son Robert some thirty years ago,

he incidentally remarked to me that some people were talking about his father's religious convictions, saying 'that his father was like many other men; he did not take any interest in church matters.' Mr. Herndon also says the same thing:

"There is no uncertainty in Mr. Lincoln's religion from the fact that he did not believe enough in the theology of the churches to identify himself with them. This is saying a good deal when a man does that in a town the size of Springfield from its infancy in this country. That is the whole truth, which is as simple and certain as any truth can be. The pressure upon the martyred president to declare himself a Christian was very great. Delegation after delegation of the clergy waited upon him to fatigue him if possible into a declaration of positive Christian belief, without success. These are the facts and ought to close the question. I believe Mr. Lincoln was what we call in modern days a Rationalist. *In certis, unitas; in dubiis, libertas: in things certain, unity; in things doubtful, liberty.*"

Mr. Wayne Whipple of Philadelphia, author of *The Story Life of Lincoln*, one of the best of those books called forth by the Lincoln centenary, *The Heart of Lincoln* and other Lincolniana, has this to say, writing September 8, 1911: "About Lincoln's religious belief, I hardly know what to tell you. I do not believe that he was a 'skeptic or an infidel' as Herndon would have us believe. That was only one of the despicable things Herndon tried to say against the memory of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Robert T. Lincoln told me once that Herndon was jealous of his great partner who had done so much for him—because Mr. Lincoln, as President, would not give him a lucrative government position. Herndon drank so much that he became irresponsible, and finally a tramp in the streets of Springfield, Illinois—after Lincoln's death.

If Lincoln was an unbeliever, many of his utterances were undeniably hypocritical—like his farewell to the people of Springfield on leaving then to become President, his letter to Eliza Gurney, the Quaker lady, the letter to widow Bixby, the Second Inaugural address, and so on. He professed a deep change in his religious life after his boy Willie died in the White House. He often prayed and asked others to pray for him—and he was a constant reader of the Bible. As to his ortho-

doxy I can't say, of course. He was confessedly superstitious, and believed in signs and 'presentiments'—he had a strange dream the night before he was shot, and talked about it in a strange way to his Cabinet that last day. He did allow a Spiritualist woman to talk with and try to comfort him after Willie's death. But his heart was right before God and he believed in prayer."

The following is from Mr. J. McCan Davis, of Springfield, now clerk of the Supreme Court of Illinois. Mr. Davis was collaborator with Miss Ida M. Tarbell in her *Early Life of Lincoln*, and has written much of him. In a letter dated May 2, 1910, he says: "I think all biographers agree that Lincoln was not an orthodox Christian. He was not a member of any church. His religious conceptions, like all else in his life, appear to have been simple and elementary. He believed in a future life and in an all-wise, beneficent, omnipotent God, as untouched by dogma or creed as the 'Great Spirit' of the untutored savage. Read his *Farewell Address* delivered here on his departure for Washington, and you will discern the breadth and depth of his religion—a religion that embraced all mankind. His farewell address is one of the classics of the English tongue—it is both a poem and a prayer. I doubt very much the stories about his attending spiritualistic séances, though I am not prepared to dispute them."

Another writer worthy of special mention, is Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill of New York City, author of *Lincoln the Lawyer*, *Lincoln's Legacy of Inspiration* and other interesting Lincolniana. Mr. Hill writes April 22, 1910: "In my opinion Abraham Lincoln was a Christian in the highest sense of the word. I think his views of Christianity were too broad to be confined to the limits of any particular creed or dogma. I am not sufficiently familiar with the tenets of the Unitarian belief to express an opinion as to whether or not his views conformed to that particular sect. I think it highly probable that he did attend one or perhaps more Spiritualistic séances. I think it was some time between 1855 and 1865 that there was special interest in both England and America in what is generally termed Spiritualism, and there were some very clever people then holding séances, and although I have not any positive evidence, one way or the other, before me, I should think the chances were that Lincoln, like a great many other men of inquiring mind, took

interest enough in the subject to attend a *séance* or two and observe what happened. That Lincoln was a Spiritualist is absurd. There is not the slightest evidence of any such thing."

The oldest collector of Lincolnia in the country is Captain O. H. Oldroyd of Washington, D. C., whose collection is in the house in which Lincoln died. Under date of October 24, 1910, Capt. Oldroyd writes: "The religious views of Abraham Lincoln have been the subject of discussion ever since his tragic death. Some have claimed him to have been a Christian, while others, with equal positiveness, declare him to have been an infidel. He surely, when a young man, read "Smith on Infidelity," which might have made him somewhat skeptical regarding the Christian religion, but his views concerning the Bible later became changed, and, in my opinion, he became a firm believer in God. His religious views differed somewhat from others, but his implicit faith in God can best be judged by his acts. He willingly subscribed to the greatest law laid down by the Master: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.'

He made frequent appeals to God in his public utterances during the great war period, especially in his address on the Gettysburg battlefield, the noblest document known to our history. Who can read his second Inaugural Address and say that Abraham Lincoln was not a Christian?"

Another large collector is Mr. Charles W. McLellan of Champlain, New York. He writes June 6, 1910: "I lived in Springfield some years and knew Mr. Lincoln as one will know everybody in a small place, and as to his religion—he attended the First Presbyterian Church—his family always. I frequently sat in the pew near theirs—if he wasn't zealously active in church work, he was regarded by everybody as being better, showing more of the Christ spirit in his intercourse and thought for others, than many who were. Whatever his views were in early years, and which you refer to as being 'hard to get at,' it is very clear and known that in the few years he was in Washington he became, through suffering, through the agony of personal affliction—through the necessity of his 'opening not his mouth' when he was 'reviled and slan-

dered,' the most religious man of the centuries. And to talk of his religious views, is to discuss the views of the Apostle Paul when he stood by and held the garments of those who stoned Stephen.

The truth as to Abraham Lincoln's religion I think is not hard to get at. I agree with John Hay who knew him better than anyone else—his remark was, I think, that 'he was the greatest man since Christ.' If he attended Spiritualistic *séances* it was because he was in such deep affliction at the loss of his son Willie, that he was willing to grasp at every straw of comfort."

Mr. Judd Stewart of Plainfield, New Jersey, is another large collector. He has also published much Lincolniana, and is well known to the devotees of the Lincoln cult. In a statement dated October 12, 1910, he writes among other interesting things: "Lincoln himself, in my opinion was an inspired implement for the use of the Supreme Being in working out the destiny of the human race: He himself perhaps only occasionally realized this, but I believe that at times he inwardly felt his power and laughed at the orthodox view of matters. When he told the delegation of ministers that if God wished him to emancipate the slaves, it was a roundabout way of telling him (Lincoln) by sending the message through Chicago, there was a nicely concealed jest at their idea of the way the Supreme Being works. When he told the Cabinet that he wanted their views upon the text of the Emancipation Proclamation, not upon its expediency, that he had promised God to issue the proclamation upon certain conditions, I think it showed his intimate contact with the Supreme Being."

Mr. D. H. Newhall of New York, formerly a collector, has also been a student, as witness the following dated April 15, 1910: "I have been more or less the last fifteen years a close student of Lincoln. It is my opinion that while he was a Christian in the common acceptation of the term, he was not a religious man, and I can find no record of his ever having definitely subscribed to any of the prevailing creeds. In other words, while not a religious man, he was not an atheist." November 4, 1910, he adds this: "You ask me to state my opinion of Lincoln's religion. Most of what has been written on this subject seems to me to

be merely special pleading, the writers trying to make Lincoln what they think he ought to be instead of weighing the evidence and judging from it alone. My own opinion is that Lincoln was an unreligious man, and that he gave little thought to religious matters. There is some evidence however, that with increasing care and responsibility came some measure of religious conviction. He may have attended spiritualistic *séances*, (so have I, perhaps you have) but I don't think there is a scrap of evidence to support Mrs. Maynard's or Fayette Hall's claim that he was a Spiritualist."

The following is from Mr. J. O. Cunningham of Urbana, Illinois, who knew Lincoln before the Civil War and has published his recollections of him. Mr. Cunningham states, November 8, 1911: "In answer to your interrogatory, 'What do you think of Abraham Lincoln's religious views—Do you believe him to have been a Christian?' I would say that from what I have heard him say in the many speeches of his delivered in my hearing, I never had a doubt but that in all of his views along religious lines, he was in full sympathy and belief with the views held by Christians the world over. From this you will readily conclude that in my hearing no word was ever dropped by him inconsistent with such views. On the contrary all his arguments along the line of opposition to slavery were drawn from the standpoint of Christianity, and without that as a basis for his conclusions his arguments would have been without foundation. I never heard him say in so many words that he believed in Christianity, but he always talked as if, in his opinion, that 'went without saying,' as the expression is often used, and needed no specific declaration.

At one time, while in attendance upon our court, and being detained here over the Sabbath, he attended religious services at the Methodist Episcopal Church, as if such was his practice. I hope I shall be understood as holding the opinion that he at all times, without so expressing himself, was a believer in Christianity, himself when the great burden of the National existence rested upon his shoulders, invoking that faith for his support."

JOHN W. STARR, JR.

MILLERSBURG, PA.

[To Mr. Starr's paper can be fittingly added an extract from the sermon of Rev. John Wesley Hill, at the (M. E.) Metropolitan Temple, New York, on February 12, 1812.—ED.]

Providential men are priceless. Their careers are the beacons of human progress. Their thoughts and deeds are the richest legacy of mankind. They are lights kindled upon the dome of the centuries, illumining the mental and moral atmosphere of the world. History is the story of their epochal deeds, and civilization the lengthened shadow of their exalted souls. Serving most, they are the greatest. They come at great intervals, representing vast issues, founding imperishable institutions and wielding an immeasurable influence. Only about once in a hundred years does some solitary prophet stand in our midst unannounced, proclaim his message, fulfil his mission, and then vanish as mysteriously as he arrived, leaving behind a memory half mortal and half myth.

Victor Hugo says, "The summit of the human mind is the ideal to which God descends and man ascends. In each age, three or four men of genius undertake the ascent. From below, the world's eyes follow them. 'How small they are,' says the crowd." But on they go, by scarped cliff and yawning abyss, through storm and cloud and night, until they reach the summit, where they catch great secrets from the lips of God. We must look yonder, above the cloud line of history, if we would see them. Theirs is a select circle of picked personalities. There is no primacy among them. Genius is equal to itself. They are all the greatest. There is no method for striking the balance between Abraham and Moses, or Homer and Shakespeare, or Cromwell and Wellington, or Washington and Lincoln.

They were Providential men. It is not easy to recognize a prophet. They do not wear the same robe nor work in the same rôle. The sheep-skin mantle of John the Baptist is no more necessary to a modern prophet than is the bow of Ulysses to a modern soldier. Prophets come upon different missions: one as a patriarch like Abraham; another as a law-giver like Moses; another as a warrior like Joshua; another as a disturber and avenger like Elijah; another as a reformer like Luther;

another a regenerator like Wesley; another as a patriot like Washington; another as an emancipator and deliverer like Lincoln.

Someone has said that "A saint is a good man dead one hundred years, cannonaded then but canonized now." It was the Galilean who said, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." This is the history of all prophets. Stones have been their bed and bread. Lincoln was no exception to the rule. In his day he was slandered and maligned, criticised and cartooned, assailed and assassinated.

Thus it has ever been. Aristides was banished because he was known as "the Just." A monument now stands upon the spot from which Bruno started heavenward in a chariot of fire. John Bunyan penned the "Pilgrim's Progress" in a dungeon. Wellington was mobbed in the streets of London on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. Scipio Africanus, who defeated Hannibal at Zama, was arraigned by a factious mob and condemned to death. He repelled his accusers by reminding the people that it was an anniversary of Zama, and then he was permitted to go into voluntary exile, where he died.

Yesterday we called Washington a fastidious aristocrat, and Lincoln a buffoon. To-day we set these men on Olympus with the gods and speak of them as patriots and prophets. For living prophets we have epithets; for dead ones, epitaphs. About living prophets we have opinions, about dead ones we have judgments; but they must be dead a long time—so dead as not to hear one word of praise, so dead that what we see is a specter rather than a palpitating personality. They must be dim, far away shadows, coming and going at midnight and at midday, taking up no space, disputing no ambitions, contesting no claims, awakening no resentments—so dead that we can get credit for magnanimity in the expression of deferred gratitude; so dead that where we have begrimed bread we may lavish beatitudes.

Better to recognize and honor these peerless toilers while they are in our midst than to wait until they become myths. Could Lincoln in his day have heard the faintest echo of the tumultuous applause which now greets his name, the incomparable burden which crushed his heart would have been lightened, and the solitary night through which he passed would not have been starless.

In the midst of the vituperation and abuse, the cartoons, caricatures and calumny through which Abraham Lincoln passed, he found his self-conscious rectitude the one unfailing source of comfort and support, a fortress so invulnerable that he could defy the forces of opposition which were raging about him. Seated in this secure and serene height of protection, he wrote those immortal words which are as applicable to his worthy successor now in the White House as they were to himself, "If I were to try to read, much less answer, all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business. I do the best I know how, the very best I can, and I mean to keep on doing it to the end. If the end brings me out right, what is said against me will not amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

It is too soon to measure Lincoln's real greatness. We must stand back from the mountain if we would behold its magnitude! The workmen on the walls of St. Peter's could not see the full glory of that temple which sprang from the brain of Michael Angelo and crowned the hills of Rome. Neither can we fully appreciate the symmetry and magnificence of the great personality that has risen in our midst and blinded our eyes with the brilliancy of his achievements,—a man in whom the great qualities blended like the commingling of many streams,—patience without indolence; meekness without stupidity; courage without rashness; caution without fear; justice without vindictiveness; piety without pretension; reason without infidelity; and faith without superstition,—elements so mixed in him that great nature might stand up and say, "This is a man!" Aye, and such a man that "Taken all in all, we shall not see his like again!"

It is difficult to study providential characters in the cold light of history. The perspective is disproportioned. Washington has been transformed into marble or transfigured into myth. The fact that he never told a lie has been almost buried beneath the monstrous lies told *about* him. And so to-day a coterie of little critics are engaged in retouching the face of Mr. Lincoln,—smoothing out the seams, modifying the irregularities, painting him into artistic beauty and attempting by the deft touches of fancy to rob the world of the real Lincoln, and set up a historical phantom in his place.

Providence decreed the poverty of his early life. Born in a hovel, walled on three sides and open on the fourth to the universe, reared in penury and want; no chart except his own untutored mind; no compass except his own undisciplined will,—yet through that poverty he struggles on and on toward his destined day. That was the poverty in which the germ of manhood grows unrestrained by the demands of luxury and untainted by the poison of prodigality. It was the poverty of plain food, rough clothes and clean soil,—the poverty in which genius grows, where fortitude is developed in wrestling with the forest, and men are lifted into immortality by the “arduous greatness of things achieved.” His school days were limited to a few months and his books to a few volumes; yet Providence wrought that little library into the foundation of the great character that was being fashioned. Dr. Holland says, “The poverty of his library was the wealth of his mind!” It was like a little mountain ravine through which the flood rushes with greater fury on account of its narrowness. He did not go through the University, but two or three Universities went through him. His Harvard was before the old-fashioned fireplace, where he would stretch out, from one side of the room to the other, and under the flickering light of the pine knot, read and figure and study. His writing tablet was an old pine scoop shovel, upon which he would write with a burnt stick; then scraping the shovel clean with his knife, he would fill it again,—thus literally scooping the ideas into his head. An old note book still exists in which appears one of his problems in weights and measurements properly solved; while below there appears in a boyish scrawl, an original rhyme:

“ Abraham Lincoln,
His hand and pen,
He will be good,
But God knows when.”

God did know when; for that boy, buried in the solitude of the wilderness, was being prepared for the day when his hand and pen would repeal the cruel edicts of a thousand years, strike the shackles from four million slaves, open the way for the march of civilization and make it possible for every man beneath that flag to be absolutely free.

His time was rapidly approaching. Already the clouds afar off

were gathering, but he saw them not. No figures were seen by him upon the dim horizon of that future in which he must play a pronounced and providential part. "The insulted flag; garments rolled in blood; the sulphurous smoke of battle; gory heaps upon desperate battlefields; an army of slowly-moving, crippled heroes; graveyards as populous as cities;" the Emancipator,—and the tragic scenes of his own martyrdom were in the cloud, though he saw them not! Through three wars we had triumphed. Our population had increased from three to thirty millions and our national domain had expanded two million square miles. Boundless in resources, rooted in a soil more generous than the valley of the Nile, environed with mountains of silver and gold, irrigated by rivers like rolling lakes and beautified with lakes like inland seas, possessed of a natural basis for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man,—orphaned of the solemn inspiration of antiquity,—yet compensated in area for all that was lost in age, the young Republic, confident and strong, towered among the nations of the earth,—the admiration and astonishment of them all.

But underneath our apparent prosperity there smoked the volcano of unrest. From the South arose the voice of woe. Slavery was sovereign of soil and soul; the auction block was red with blood; flowers festooned fetters; planters prospered by making merchandise of men; children were chattels; mothers commodities; souls were listed on the Stock Exchange, and the South feasted and fattened on unrequited toil! The Missouri Compromise had barred this monster from the North, but we were drifting in the dark, seeking to chloroform a volcano,—to arrest an earthquake by administering the opiate of compromise! Finally, stricken with dismay and seized with the wild delirium of treason, state after state seceded, the Southern Confederacy was organized, and for the first time in the history of the world, the oppressors rebelled.

And what a rebellion it was! Commanding more territory than any state in Europe save one; buttressed with impenetrable mountain fastnesses; with munitions of war the most perfect and millions of men impatient for the conflict; with leaders of confidence and renown, trained at the Nation's expense; strengthened by secret sympathy throughout the North, and encouraged by the outspoken favor of foreign cabinets and courts,—the Confederacy thus planted, equipped and officered, goaded

by greed and urged on by hatred, rejected all offers of peace, spurned all extensions of clemency, and rushing into the arena of war appealed to the arbitrament of the sword!

But instead of finding a truckling carpet knight, absorbed in braiding gold lace, the South found a man six feet and four inches tall, with serious aspect and an air of command,—the man prepared for the great emergency—Abraham Lincoln, the rail-splitter of Illinois. Confusion surrounded him. He found an empty treasury, impaired credit, a scattered army, a depleted navy; and over and against this, a rebellion the most thoroughly organized, splendidly equipped, ably directed, and terribly purposed known in the annals of war. Yet all undismayed, "with malice toward none and charity for all," holding onto God with one hand and the people with the other, he slowly stretched up to the vast undertaking, until he stood Atlas-like, with a whole world of responsibility upon his shoulders, and standing there in the wondering gaze of all nations, he toiled with such patience and wrought with such power that he demonstrated his call of God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the ability indispensable to the performance of his mission! Changing from serene to severe, from grave to gay, yet never for a moment losing sight of his one great, overmastering purpose to save the Union, he measured so precisely the public sentiment that when he advanced the public was by his side, and through four long years of want and woe and glory, he continued to advance until one redeemed and glorified flag floated over all the land!



AN INCIDENT ON THE COAST OF MAINE IN 1861

THESE personal recollections which are now offered for your entertainment do not rise to the dignity of a "paper" in the ordinary acceptation of our Loyal Legion histories, but may be of some little interest to those who make their homes in the shelter of the Pine Tree.

The incident, thus local and trivial in itself, simply emphasizes the fact that, even so far distant as these homes of ours most fortunately were from the theater of actual hostilities, the tide of war sent some of its smaller waves thus far; and that, possibly, the first Confederate flag captured by the forces of the United States was taken upon the waters of Maine's most eastern bay.

In the spring of 1861, when the destinies of the nation were hanging in the balance, when loyal men were taking counsel together and girding themselves for the great struggle then at hand, the United States coast survey parties under Captain C. O. Boutelle were transferred from the South Carolina station to Passamaquoddy Bay, Maine. The active prosecution of the survey of these waters was begun so soon as the opening of the season permitted and continued until October, when the whole "outfit" was ordered back to South Carolina with the Port Royal expedition under Admiral DuPont.

For the hydrography of the Passamaquoddy the United States schooner *Arago* was assigned with Robert Platt, now a lieutenant, United States Navy, and a companion of this order, as executive officer. Robert L. Meade, later Colonel in the Marine Corps of the navy, was one of the aids attached. I was in charge of the triangulation party and W. H. Dennis that of the topography, with our quarters on shore at Eastport. Captain Boutelle and the other officers, then our comrades, have passed the wide river and joined the great majority.

In the latter part of August, orders came to Captain Boutelle directing him to reënforce the crew of the *Arago* with the shore parties,

— Read by Major Charles H. Boyd before the Maine Commandery of the Loyal Legion.

to cruise in the mouth of the Bay of Fundy and intercept some Confederate ships, then at sea, which had sailed from England with the supposed intention of making a stop at St. John, New Brunswick, doing this for the purpose of obtaining more definite information as to the newly established blockade, before making the attempt to run into their home ports. In accordance with these instructions the necessary plans were at once made.

Lookouts from the vessel were posted upon commanding headlands, with orders to signalize to each other, until our vessel was reached, the position of every ship coming within their range, and thus, the *Arago* by keeping one of them continually in sight, covered both passage ways of Grand Menan. The *Arago* was a fine, stanch little craft, with a large enough spread of canvas to drive her through the water with very good speed; for armament she carried two brass guns, one of them rifled, and an abundant equipment of small arms. Her complement was now six officers and a very active and efficient crew of blue-jackets, quite a number of whom had been enlisted in Portland. Their familiar faces it is a pleasure to greet among our respected fellow citizens to-day. Three fine ships were soon anchored in Eastport harbor with our prize crews on board,—the *Orizimbo*, the *Express* and the *Alice Ball*. It is the capture of the last two named to which I would now refer.

A fine day, and no ships in sight, greeted our little ship's company on the morning of Saturday, August 31. These tidings afforded our captain the opportunity we all much desired, to show to the kind people of Eastport how thoroughly appreciated had been the many hospitalities received at their hands, and enabled him to invite a party of ladies and gentlemen on board the *Arago* for a sail upon the waters of their most picturesque bay. My recollection is about fifty came off, that we got under way just before luncheon, running out towards the eastern entrance.

When off the northwestern end of Campobello, we suddenly got the message that a ship was outside the White Horse. Then, for a few minutes, it looked very much as if our sailing party, so well under way, would have to be postponed, and our guests at once landed upon

English soil. The conditions thus presented were embarrassing to say the least, but Captain Boutelle was equal to the emergency, and after consulting with Captain Robinson, Royal Navy, Mr. Bion Bradbury and others of our guests whose families were present, and at their strongly expressed desire to see the capture, concluded to run the risk. And so the chase was begun with the quarter-deck covered with ladies. In a few minutes the broad Passamaquoddy was open before us and there, some three miles away, was a large ship under full sail, apparently bound for St. John. The wind was fresh and quite a sea running. All sail was now made upon the *Arago*. The ship soon gave evidence of having discovered the long, low, suspicious looking schooner rapidly working to windward and coming up with her. When about two miles distant a blank cartridge was fired and our ensign set. The ship's response to this intimation that a closer acquaintance was desired was to run out studding-sails, change her course to bring the wind more nearly free, and run for the open sea, apparently hoping to outrun the schooner when off the wind; but in vain, the *Arago* had much the better legs. Being now within easy range a shot was thrown across her bow. The excitement among our fair guests can be better imagined than described. Rarely had such a chase for such a prize vexed the waters of fair Passamaquoddy. We soon ran to within a mile and off the ship's quarter, when Mr. Meade, I think, was ordered to send a shot near enough to carry conviction that this was not altogether a picnic,—certainly not for the ship. The rifle threw its shot near or through a jib, which being conclusive, down went the ship's helm, and throwing her big topsail aback in token of submission, the little *Arago* was enabled to come up on her starboard quarter. Seeing her officers were trying to muster their men for a fight, our boarders were ordered and a dash made for her mizzen rigging the moment the two vessels touched. It was all over in a minute as her men promptly retired to their forecastle and were locked in. A prize crew was left on board and the fine ship *Express* of New Orleans, with the stars and stripes once more at her gaff, was sailed into American waters. As the sun set the two vessels came into Eastport harbor to find many people assembled on the wharves and hillsides. The firing having been heard in the city, much curiosity and probably some little anxiety was felt on account of our

very peculiar ship's company. But at all is well that ends well. A bright young lawyer of Eastport, Mr. John H. French, who was present, dropped into poetry, of which these lines are recalled, in honor of his fair townswomen:

"O, for a forty-music power to sing,
The well earned laud and praise of that big thing
When armed with flashing eyes and rosy lips
The Eastport women took the Southern ships.
Not that gay barge which sailed down Cydnus' tide
Could boast a fairer crew with all its pride,
Than did the '*Arago*' with her new recruits
In basquine uniform and patent boots,
· · · · ·
In vain to struggle, see, the victory's won;
Secesaria's flag drops to the bright jupon."

On the next Wednesday, September 4, when the morning fogs had burned away, the lookouts sighted a ship off Grand Menan, which was soon run down and captured after firing across her bow once or twice. As this occasion was strictly a "gander party" there is but little to say thereon. She proved to be the *Alice Ball* from Liverpool and with her was taken the first Confederate flag we had then seen. It was a huge affair, some twenty-five feet long and of the "star and bar" pattern all were so familiar with later on. It went to Washington and, for aught I know, is buried in the archives of the Coast Survey office to this day.

The three ships were turned over to the United States marshal and sent to Portland for condemnation by the court of admiralty. Hon. George F. Talbot was the United States District Attorney, and I well remember taking him off to the ships in Eastport harbor, for the purpose of making examination of such papers as the captains did not succeed in destroying during the chase, to question the crew, etc. His encouraging words, as we returned to shore, brought bright visions of prize money, "castles in Spain," alas, to be thrown to the ground * by a few words in the court record: in effect, released by instruction from the Secretary of the Treasury.

* Or, it might be said, struck by departmental lightning.

IN PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S KITCHEN

WHEN the Twelfth New York Militia went on to Washington, April 19, 1861, I was one of the Engineer Company. Colonel (afterward General) Butterfield, was then, as he was for long after in New York, very much of a "society" man, and we had been in Washington but a few days when he became very "chummy" at the White House, and particularly so with Mrs. Lincoln.

Out of this came an incident which I have never seen in print, and in which Mr. Lincoln appeared for the first time in Washington in one of those homely relations with which afterwards the public were to become so familiar through so many reminiscences. Mrs. Lincoln told Colonel "Dan" that the White House cook was in trouble—the "water-back" of the range was out of order, and so the range could not be used. "Couldn't he have it fixed that day—perhaps he had some soldier plumbers?" Of course he had—the Twelfth was full of 'em—(probably he would have offered to furnish aéronauts or lion-tamers if she had wanted any)—and promptly he made a requisition on the Quartermaster, —or perhaps it was the Adjutant—for plumbers to go to the White House. The Adjutant, who knew little and cared less about the matter, slid it over to the Engineer Company: "wanted, plumbers for the White House, by order Colonel Butterfield." But none of the Company were plumbers—we ranked as non-commissioned officers, and one of us—Frank Barlow—ranked as Major General later—and perhaps we did not feel complimented, even by the chance of a "job" at the White House. But I ventured the opinion that there probably *were* some plumbers—in other companies—and so was detailed to get them. I did—four—and went along to "boss the job." It certainly was a sight—four uniformed militiamen, with arms and accoutrements, marching into the White House kitchen, with an admiring group of colored servants looking on. We "stacked arms" and in a few minutes the range was yanked out, and set in the middle of the kitchen, and four able-bodied New York plumbers were wrestling with its waterback. The details of the job have escaped my memory—but not so my—and our—first sight of Mr. Lincoln. He came down to the kitchen, and half-sitting, half-leaning on the kitchen

table, and holding one knee in his hands—the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy said, " Well, boys, I certainly am glad to see you—I hope you can fix that thing right off; for if you can't, cook can't use the range, and I don't suppose I'll get any ' grub ' to-day! "

It was a Saturday, possibly the President was also thinking of his Sunday dinner.

" How the Twelfth saved the " (Presidential dinner) ought to be writ large in the regimental history. I know not if any of my four comrades of that occasion are living, but if any of them see the story in print I am sure they will remember the event.

JAMES A. SCRYSER.

NEW YORK.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S SERMON

IN April, 1861, the Twelfth New York Militia, of which I was a member, volunteered for service and went to Washington by way of Old Point Comfort. Some of us; myself among them, had seen Mr. Lincoln in New York, or heard his famous Cooper Union speech, and now we were actually in the National Capital we conceived the idea of making a call on him at the White House. We asked the doorkeeper if the President would see a party of the New York troops who had just arrived, and after a little delay a messenger returned, asking us—there were five—to enter. We found Mr. Lincoln sitting in front of a window from which he could look across one of the Potomac river bridges. I cannot now recall whether it was the Long or the Chain Bridge—into Virginia, where he could see with a glass the Confederate flag floating. He received us very kindly, saying he was very glad to see us,—and as there were so few soldiers in Washington, before we arrived, that if the rebels had only had then a tenth part of the dash they later displayed they could easily have entered the city in force across that bridge. I could not doubt he meant just what he said. Our visit about over Mr. Lincoln asked where we were quartered; and learning that the regiment was as yet without a camp-ground but that a church not far away sheltered a good many of us, said: “Well, on Sunday (this was Friday) I'll come over and talk to you.” We withdrew on the hint, and as we went back the three of the party who had not before seen him were evidently much impressed by our experience. Often since then have I thought of it—a squad of young soldiers volunteering a call on the Chief Magistrate of the nation! How impossible such a thing would have been in any European capital! But we were young—and Abraham Lincoln no doubt “sized us up” at a glance; there could be no presumption where none was meant, and just then soldiers were a novelty to him, and a welcome one, too.

When we got back to the church—I cannot remember just where it was, though I know it was not very far from the White House, and, I think, a Methodist one—we told the boys the President was coming on Sunday; but the doubters were many, and not until Sunday came was the

place made neat, as much as possible, for the occasion. Somebody had even put a bouquet of flowers on the pulpit. As Mr. Lincoln entered all rose, and the tall, gaunt figure that was to become so familiar to Washington in the next four years passed up the aisle and mounted the platform. So few of us had before seen him that I doubt if the church had ever before held so large a crowd; and I am sure he never before or after had a more attentive audience. From the portraits and campaign badges we all knew him, but to actually see and hear "Old Abe" was a very different thing. Homely as he was the unmistakable dignity of a Chief Magistrate sat upon him, and I felt, as doubtless did many others, that I was in the presence of no ordinary man.

He was so tall that the pulpit was too low for him, and when he occasionally leaned forward, it almost seemed as though he was about to fall over it.

Fifty-one years is a wide chasm for memory to bridge, and I cannot now recall as clearly as I wish, much of his "talk" (for he began by saying that as he was not a clergyman he would not preach to us, but just give us a "talk"). For perhaps fifteen minutes he did talk; a pleasant, kindly address given in a natural, winning tone and manner, much as a father might address grown-up sons. He referred at some length to the pleasure and feeling of safety which the arrival of the Twelfth gave him, and his conviction that we would do ourselves credit as soldiers: that while he hoped the war would be but short, and that possibly the rebels might not proceed to any further hostilities, now that the uprising of the North was certain, yet, if there was to be a real war, the loyal states were ready for it. I thought of Captain Parker's historic address to the Minute Men of Concord: "If they want a war, let it begin here."

He went on to give us some good advice, and interspersed one or two stories—which I would give much to be able to recall—and then, with a short, earnest apostrophe for the preservation of the Union, ended his "talk," and passing down the aisle amid something very like applause, left the church.

Few are left of my comrades of that day and probably fewer yet who remember the event—the spring-like April Sunday, the dignified

church full of young soldiers, arms stacked in the corners and knapsacks piled in the aisles and pews; on the platform the homely figure in the conventional black frock-coat suit, the kindly, rugged face of the great President and the helpful, appreciative words of what I call his sermon; but it was an occasion never to be forgotten, and it is one of my valued memories that I once heard Abraham Lincoln speak from the pulpit.

GEORGE STEWART,

Late 12th Regt., N. G. S. N. Y.

NEW YORK CITY.



LETTERS ON THE SIEGE OF BOSTON

COPIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS IN THE MSS. COLLECTION AT THE
GEN. ARTEMAS WARD HOMESTEAD AT SHREWSBURY, MASS.,
EXAMINED AND COPIED BY COL. HORACE N. FISHER, JUNE 10,
1909.

GEN^L WASHINGTON TO MAJ. GEN^L ARTEMAS WARD, COMDG. AMERI-
CAN RIGHT WING AT ROXBURY.

CAMBRIDGE, 27th Feb. 1776.

To MAJOR GEN^L WARD, ROXBURY.
Sir:—

We were falsely alarmed awhile ago with an account of the Regulars coming over from the Castle of Dorchester. Mr. Baylor,— whom I immediately sent off, is just returned with a contradiction of it. But, as a rascally rifleman went in last night and will no doubt give all the intelligence he can, would it not be prudent to keep six or eight trusty men by the way of look-outs or patrols on the Point next to the Castle, as well as on the Nuke Hill; at the same time ordering particular regiments to be ready to march at a moment's warning to the Heights of Dorchester. For, should the Enemy get possession of those Hills before us, they would render it a difficult task to dispossess them. Better it is, therefore, to prevent than to remedy an evil.

I am y^r most ob^t,

G. WASHINGTON.

CAMBRIDGE 2^d March /76

To MAJOR GEN^L WARD, ROXBURY.
Sir:—

After weighing all circumstances of tides &c. and considering the hazard of taking the Posts on Dorchester Neck [being] taken by

— Communicated by Colonel Horace Newton Fisher to the Bunker Hill Monument Association.

the enemy and the evil consequences that would result from it, the gentlemen here are of the opinion that we should go on there Monday night.

I give you this early notice of it that you may delay no time in preparing for it, as everything here will be in readiness to cooperate.

I am y^r most ob^t serv^t,

GEO WASHINGTON.

[Endorsement:—" This letter was sealed & upon it was written
'Remember [Seal] Barrels '

The next day the following was sent."]

To MAJ. GEN^L WARD,
COMMANDING AT ROXBURY }

CAMBRIDGE 3^d March 1776.

Sir:—

My letter of last night would inform you that the Gen^l Officers at this place thought it dangerous to delay taking Dorchester Hills, least they should be possessed before us by the Enemy,—and therefore involve us in difficulties which we should not know how to extricate ourselves from. This opinion they were inclined to adopt from a belief, indeed almost a certain knowledge, of the Enemy's being apprised of our designs that way.

You should make choice of some good regiments to go on the morning after the Post is taken, under the Command of Gen^l Thomas; the number of men you shall judge necessary for this Relief may be ordered: I should think from two to three thousand, as circumstances may require, would be enough. I shall send you from hence two regiments, to be at Roxbury early on Tuesday morning to strengthen your lines; and I shall send you to-morrow evening two companies of Riflemen which, with the three now there, may be part of the Relief to go on with Gen^l Thomas. These five companies may be placed under the care of Capt^a Hugh Stephenson, subject to the command of

the Officer commanding the Post (Dorchester) : they will, I think, be able to gall the enemy sorely in their march from their boats, and in landing.

A blind along the Causey should be thrown up, if possible, while the other work is about; especially on the Dorchester side, as that is nearest the Enemy's guns and most exposed. We calculated, I think, that 800 men would do the whole Causey with great ease in one night, if the marsh has not got bad to work again and the tide gives no great interruption. 250 Axe-men, I should think, would soon fell the trees for Abattis; but what number it would take to get them,—the fascines, Chandliers &c. in place I know not. 750 men (the working party, carrying their arms) will, I should think, be sufficient for a covering party. These to be posted on Nuke Hill—on the little hill in front of the 2^d hill, looking into Boston Bay and near the Point opposite the Castle. Sentries to be kept between the Parties and some on the back side looking towards Squantum.

As I have a very high opinion of the defence which may be made with barrels from either of the Hills, I could wish you to have a number over. Perhaps single barrels would be better than linking of them together, being less liable to accidents. The hoops should be well nailed, or else they will soon fly and the casks fall to pieces.

You must take care that the necessary notice is given to the militia, agreeable to the plan settled with Gen^l Thomas.

I shall desire Col^o Knox to be over to-morrow to lay out the work.

I recollect nothing more to mention to you. You will settle with the officers with you, as what I have here said is intended rather to convey my ideas generally than wishing them to be adhered to strictly.

I am with esteem, Dear Sir,

Y^r most obed^t Serv^t,

G^o WASHINGTON.

TO MAJOR GEN^L WARD, ROXBURY.

CAMBRIDGE, March 24th 1776

Sir:—

I shall be obliged to you to send the inclosed letter to Col^o Quincy either tonight or early in the morning.

As these favorable winds do not waft the fleet from Nantasket, my suspicions are more and more aroused, I wish therefore the fire-raft, talked of by Col^o Tupper, could be attempted in a windy or dark night. I think this would discover their designs, if no other good effect resulted from it.

I am y^r most obd^t serv^t

GEO. WASHINGTON.

MEMORANDUM BY HORACE N. FISHER:—*Précis of the Four Preceding Letters of General Washington*

FEB. 27, 1776. From this letter it is apparent that Washington considered that if the British should occupy "Dorchester Neck" in force, it would enable them to continue the occupation of Boston indefinitely, as the town would have open sea-communication for reinforcements and supplies: that such event must be prevented at all hazards, and it would then be necessary to assault their works.

MARCH 2, 1776. From this letter it is evident that, after due consideration of tides, etc., and the danger of the British anticipating the American plan of seizing Dorchester Neck and the disastrous effect of such occupation upon the objective of the siege, the Council of War deemed immediate action unavoidable on our part, viz.: occupation and fortification of Dorchester Heights, for which every preparation had been made. To prevent delays this letter of warning was written to General Ward.

MARCH 3, 1776. This is a most important letter, inasmuch as it gives detailed instructions for the seizure, fortification, and defence of Dorchester Heights: to assure success, orders are given to protect the Causeway, from Dorchester Meeting House to Dorchester Neck across the marsh, by a "blind" or entrenchment on the side towards the British heavily fortified works on Boston Neck; to occupy the "Nuke Hill," where the British could best land from Boston, with a strong covering party while the Fatigue party threw up entrenchments on the commanding heights in the center of the peninsula. The use of barrels, filled with earth

and chained together to break the assaulting columns, was a device highly commended by Washington. Apparently it was Gridley's device.

MARCH 24, 1776. Washington's suspicions of Howe's delay in Nantasket Roads portended a sudden dash on Boston aroused and his plan made clear to force the enemy's hand. Washington's letters of February 27th, March 2d and 3d were written on the eve of the crisis, to which his efforts had been steadily directed since July, in the face of the greatest difficulties for raising and getting into effective condition the raw provincial troops.

The successful occupation of Dorchester Heights, made impregnable to assault, was followed by the occupation of the hill overlooking the only landing place by which the British could land for assaulting the Heights. From that Hill artillery could enfilade the strong British works on Boston Neck and make them untenable, while the Americans advancing from Roxbury could assault them with success. This was the crowning effort and its success was practically certain, presenting to General Howe the alternative of capitulation or the evacuation of Boston: the latter was more desirable as it would save the town from probable destruction. Towards that end Washington ordered the guns, when got into position on the "Nuke Hill," not to fire on the Town but on the Shipping in Boston Harbor. There were about one hundred British Transports and Storeships at anchor in the Harbor; their destruction would render it impossible for the British Army to escape, the alternative was to fight a hopeless battle followed by unconditional surrender. Hence the order of Washington to confine the artillery fire on the Shipping was certain to hasten the evacuation of the Town.

With this understanding of Washington's plan, the letter written by his Aide de Camp and Secretary on March 10th may properly be made the closing act of the siege, being written by the command of Washington. Therefore a copy of that letter is now given.

CAMBRIDGE, March 10, 1776

To MAJ. GEN^L WARD.

Sir:—

By his Excellency's command I am to inform you that it is his desire that you give peremptory orders to the artillery officer commanding at Lam's [i.e. Lamb's] Dam that he must not fire upon the Town of Boston tonight, unless the Enemy first begins a cannonade, and that he is not to fire thence upon the Town. If they begin and we have any cannon on Nuke Hill [often called Nook's Hill by common

mistake], his Excellency would have the fire returned from thence among the shipping and every damage [done] to them that possibly can.

Notwithstanding the accounts received of the Enemy being about to evacuate the Town with all seeming hurry & expedition, his Excellency is apprehensive that Gen^l Howe has some design of having a brush before his departure and is only waiting in hopes of finding us off our guard. He therefore desires that you will be very vigilant and have every necessary precaution taken to prevent a surprise, and to give them a proper reception in case they attempt anything.

I am, Sir, y^r Hble. Serv^t

ROB^r H. HARRISON.

MEMORANDUM BY HORACE N. FISHER.

This letter of Washington's Aide de Camp and Acting Secretary may be considered as Washington's own letter and representing his views. There is one point, incidental, which appears from the following letter from General Gates, Adjutant-General at Washington's Headquarters, who writes General Ward under date of January 10, 1776, by Washington's command. Moreover it determines the claim of Col. Rufus Putnam's admirers, notably the late Senator Hoar, that Colonel Putnam planned and built the works on Dorchester Heights which compelled the Evacuation. Washington's letter of March 3, 1776, positively assigns this duty to Colonel Gridley (Chief Engineer of the Army) and to Colonel Knox. Gates' letter, dated January 10, 1776, orders General Ward to detach Colonel Putnam from the army besieging Boston and that he report to Gen. Charles Lee, already sent to New York to prepare defences of that town.

HEAD QUARTERS, 10th Jany. 1776

To MAJOR GEN^l WARD, ROXBURY.

Sir:—

Major General Lee being sent upon an important service to the Westward, where it is necessary he should be supplied with a good Engineer, I am directed by his Excellency, The General, to desire you will immediately order Lieut, Colonel Putnam to proceed forthwith to join Gen^l Lee: he will find General Lee at New Haven; if not there, at New York.

I am, Sir, your most Obedient Humble servant,

HORATIO GATES, ADJUTANT GENERAL.

GREYSLAER : A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

MAX took the candle from her hand, and, shading the eyes of the infant sleeper with his broad-leaved beaver, bent over, as if in close scrutiny of its placid features; while Alida, touched by the sympathising interest which her lover displayed in her charge, and dreaming not of the cause which prompted that interest, gazed on with a countenance beaming with sensibility. At first the deep sleep in which the child was plunged left nothing but the lovely air of infantile repose in its expression; but—whether from being stirred inwardly by dreams, or disturbed by the light which penetrated its fringed lids from without, or touched, perhaps, by the drooping plume with which the soldier shaded its brow—it soon began to move, to grasp the coverlet in its tiny fingers, and turning over petulantly even in its slumbers, to work its features into something more of meaning.

It was a child of the most tender years; but, though scarcely four summers could have passed over its innocent head, the lineaments of another, less pure than it, were strongly charactered in its face. Something there was of Alida there, but far more of her wild and almost lawless brother. There seemed, indeed, what might be called a strong family resemblance to them both; but while the darker hue of Alida's hair might have aided in first recalling her image to him who gazed upon the sable locks of the Indian child, yet her noble brow was wanting beneath them; and the mouth, which earliest shows the natural temper, and which most nearly expresses the habitual passions at maturity—the mouth was wholly that of her wayward and reckless brother. The features were so decidedly European, that the tawny skin and the eyes, which were closed from Greyslaer's view, were all he thought that could proclaim an Indian origin for this true scion of the Mohawk chieftain's line, as Derrick had represented him to his sister.

" It is the mysterious instinct of blood, then, as well as the natural promptings of her sex's kindness, which has elicited Alida's sympathy for this wild offshoot of her house. But she should have a more considerate protector than this giddy brother, who, even in assuming the

most sacred responsibility, must needs risk mixing up a sister's name with his own wild doings."

" You do not tell me what you think of my protégé," said Alida, as Greyslaer, musing thus, was silent for a moment or two after they returned to the sitting room. " I declare your indifference quite piques me. You have no idea of the interest poor forlorn little Guise excited when I took him with me to Albany on my last visit to our family friends there."

Max had it upon his tongue to ask her in reply if she thought that the child bore any resemblance to Isaac Brant, its reputed father, whom Alida must have seen in former years; but, at once remembering how closely that individual was connected with Bradshawe's misdeeds, he stifled the question, and, passing by her last observation as lightly as possible, changed the subject altogether. The whole matter, however, left a disagreeable impression upon him, and he was provoked at the importance it assumed in his thoughts, when, after the thrilling emotions of a lover's parting had passed away, it recurred again and again to his mind during his long walk back to the inn where he was to pass the night.

The dawn of the next morning found Greyslaer again upon the road toward Fort Dayton, where a pleasurable meeting with more than one old comrade awaited him, and where a military duty devolved upon him which, slight in character as it at first appeared, was destined, in its fulfilment, to have a most serious bearing upon his own happiness and that of Alida.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(*To be Continued.*)

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NO. 4

THE

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WITH

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THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. XV

APRIL, 1912

No. 4

EXTRACTS FROM THE PROVIDENCE GAZETTE (EIGHTH PAPER)

May 29, 1779

MONDAY last (May 24) three Deserters, viz: Two Hessian Doctors and a Sergeant, arrived here from Rhode Island.

Wednesday Evening last (May 26) three men deserted from a Piratical Brig at Newport, Commanded by Stanton Hazard, and brought off her boat. One of them was afterwards washed overboard and drowned; the other two arrived here Yesterday.

June 12, 1779

Sunday Morning (June 6) last about Day break a Body of the Enemy landed at Point Judith and collected a number of horned cattle and some sheep, but being attacked by Col. Jackson's Light Troops and a few Militia they soon retreated to their boats and left most of their booty behind, taking with them 8 of the Inhabitants. Several of their wounded were carried on board their boats. We had 3 men wounded.

Next morning (June 7) a party landed at Equidneset on the Narragansett Shore, and burnt two houses, but on the approach of some Troops they retreated to their den at Newport.

June 19, 1779

On Thursday about 30 Sail of Vessels, 12 of them supposed to be Ships, attempted to leave the Harbor of Newport but the wind failing them they all came to anchor. They are supposed to be bound to the westward.

The Continental Sloop, *Argo*, Capt. Talbot, in company with the *Hazard* and *Tyronnicide* Brigs, have taken the Privateer Sloop, *Lively* of 10 Guns, Jacob Stout, Master, from New York; also Two Brigs from the West Indies, laden with rum, sugar and coffee, which had been captured by the *Lively* and a Sloop from Port-au-Prince that had been taken by a British cruiser. The Prizes are safe arrived.

June 26, 1779

Yesterday (June 25) Morning a Fleet of 51 Sail put to Sea from the Harbor of Newport, consisting of 1 Frigate, 5 Transport Ships, 1 Bark, 1 Galley, 11 Brigs, 14 Schooners, and 18 Sloops. Many of them appeared to be full of Troops and it is said three Regiments are on board. The Galley towed 5 or 6 flat boats. At Ten o'clock A. M., they were nearly up with Point Judith, steering for the Western Sound. Correspondent remarks that the Place of their destination cannot be positively ascertained, but that their evil Genius commonly conducts them where they are sure to be drubbed.

Extract of a letter from New London dated June 22.

"We have had undoubted intelligence that the Enemy will soon sail in force from Newport, to attack the defenceless Towns on the Sound or reinforce Sir Henry Clinton.

O! ye once justly-famed Bostonians! Would that *silver piped* General of Britain at a neighboring Post have dared *thus* to disarm himself had he not *firmly* believed that the Whig Spirit which you once wafted afar long since died with you? Why move so coolly? Who are your Chairmen? Are all your joyces dead?"

June 26, 1779

Tuesday last (June 22) James Lobb and Benjamin Bird, Two Soldiers of Col. Angell's Regiment, were drowned in Kickamuet River as they were bathing.

July 3, 1779

Tuesday last (June 29) arrived here the Armed Brigantine *Happy Return*, Capt. Wilson Jacobs, in 21 days from St. Croix, laden with rum and salt—Capt. Jacobs informs that the French and English Fleets from Martinico and St. Lucas (Lucia) have been at sea some time, cruising in sight of each other, and it was expected an important engagement would shortly take place.

Capt. Jacobs further informs that for several months past there has been a very great drought in most of the West India Islands. In some of them there has not been a shower of rain from January last till the time he sailed.

Capt. Freeborn, in the Privateer *General Sullivan*, has retaken and carried into a safe Port a Sloop from Gaudaloupe bound to New Haven that had been captured by Stanton Hazard in a Brig from Newport.

July 10, 1779

The Armed Boat *General Gates*, of this Port, and the Privateer schooner *Black Snake* have taken a Schooner from Jamaica, bound to New York, with 95 Puncheons of rum, and carried her into a safe Port.

A Prize Ship from Glasgow, of 300 Tons, laden with Provisions and Dry Goods, is taken by the *Lady Washington* and the *Lady Gates*, Privateers of this Port, and carried into a safe Port.

July 14, 1779

Wednesday Night last (July 7) a Party of pilfering Tories from Rhode Island landed at Fall River, and carried off 8 of the inhabitants and 5 Negroes. They also robbed some houses and left several printed copies of a Contemptible Address. (*Note.*)

July 19, 1779

Thursday Night (July 8), a party of Tories Commanded by Col. Wightman landed from 3 boats at Equidneset and surrounded the house of a worthy inhabitant, but he found means to escape. They were then proceeding to plunder the house, but on the approach of Col. Greene's Regiment retreated hastily to their boats. Two of them were taken, and a third ran into a swamp, where the party yesterday was in search of him.

July 24, 1779

Yesterday Morning (July 23) 37 sail of vessels, among which were 13 Ships, arrived at Newport from the Western Sound; 7 of them appear to be armed.

Capt. Gideon Manchester, in a Ship from this Port, is taken and carried to New York.

July 31, 1779

Last week Capt. Gideon Manchester and Capt. Christopher Whi-

Note: This was an address to the Inhabitants of Connecticut and Signed George Collier (and) William Tryon.

Dated on board Ship *Camilla* in the Sound, July 4, 1779.

J. N. A.

ple of this Town, arrived here from New York, which place they left the 16th instant in a Cartel Ship bound to Boston, having on board 120 American Prisoners, most of them in a very feeble condition, owing to the savage inhumanity of the Britons. They inform that the Enemy continue to confine sick and well together, which has occasioned great mortality among the Prisoners. That from the last of March till the time they sailed 370 Americans were buried from one vessel, 150 of which died during the last 20 days they were at New York. That the Prison Ships are so infectious and the water allowed them so nauseous and unwholesome that the Prisoners which are almost daily sent on board soon become sickly. That they had made repeated applications for leave to purchase water for themselves, but were refused. That the Captain on one of the Prison Ships being apprehensive of his own safety had applied to have her cleansed, but was also refused. In short, that the holds of the vessels in which our unfortunate Fellow Citizens are confined exhibit the most lively spectacle of human misery and British Barbarity.

We learn that the Piratical Brig Commanded by Stanton Hazard arrived at Newport on Saturday last (July 24), greatly damaged in her hull, sails and rigging, having also had an engagement with an American cruiser.

The Privateer *Beaver* has taken and sent into a neighboring Port an Armed Schooner of about 70 tons, laden with rice, bound from Georgia to New York.

The Fleet of Victuallers, Storeships and Wood Vessels which arrived at Newport last week from New York and Long Island, sailed again on Thursday Morning (July 29) and stood up the Western Sound under Convoy of some armed vessels.

PROVIDENCE.

JAMES. N. ARNOLD.

(*To be continued*)

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE REBELLION (FIFTH PAPER)

THE EARLIEST EMANCIPATION AND USE OF NEGROES IN MILITARY SERVICE

AS THE war progressed in the closing months of 1861 there was a continually increasing number of fugitive slaves coming into our lines at Fort Monroe. The number became so great that the fact of so many men, women, and children living in idleness in close contact with our troops exercised a very demoralizing influence on both negroes and soldiers, and serious difficulties of morals and discipline arose. The efficiency of the troops was in great danger of vital impairment, and the situation of the negroes was lamentable. The Government would do nothing in the matter, standing aloof from the whole question, as previously related. Under these circumstances of great embarrassment General Wool decided to institute a rigid investigation into the actual condition of affairs and the causes, with a view of finding some solution of the very difficult problem of what to do with the fugitive slaves.

On January 30th, 1862, General Wool appointed Colonel T. J. Cram and myself a commission to inquire into this matter under the following order:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA,
FORT MONROE, VA., January 30, 1862.

General Order No. 5.

I. Colonel T. J. Cram, Inspector-General, and Major Le Grand B. Cannon, Aide de-Camp, are hereby appointed and constituted a commission for the purpose of making a critical examination of the condition of the persons known as vagrants or "contrabands," who are employed in this department under Department General Order No. 34, of 1861, in reference to their pay, clothing, subsistence, medical attendance, shelter, and treatment, physical and moral.

II. Chiefs of the several departments, their subordinates and employes, will furnish to the Commission such reports and information as the Commission may require to enable it to perform the duties imposed, the object being to do justice to the claims of humanity in the proper discharge of the grave responsibility thrust upon the military authorities of this department in consequence of numerous persons—men, women,

and children—already congregated and daily increasing, being abandoned by their masters or having fled to this military command for protection and support.

III. The Commissioners will also examine into the condition of such of the foregoing specified class of persons as have been or are employed under Department Special Order No. 72, of 1861, and will further examine whether the several chiefs of departments have a sufficiency or an excess of employes or laborers to enable them to discharge with proper economy and efficiency and despatch their respective duties, and if a greater or less number than are now employed can be economically employed for these duties. It having been reported that the said class of persons known as vagrants or "contrabands" have not been properly treated in all cases by those having them in charge, the Commissioners cannot be too rigid in their examination in order that justice may be done to them as well as to the public service.

IV. The result of the investigations will be reported by the Commissioners to these headquarters as early as practicable, with such suggestions as the Commissioners may deem proper for the improvement of these persons, and the Commission is authorized to employ such clerical assistance as it may need to be detailed from this command.

By command of Major-General Wool.

(Signed)

WILLIAM. D WHIPPLE,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Major William P. Jones, A. D. C., was appointed a member of the Commission a few days later.

Special Order No. 72 and General Order No. 34, referred to in the order appointing the Commission, were issued some three months previous, in an effort to prevent the irretrievable vagrancy of the fugitive negroes by compelling them to do whatever work was within their scope, and so far as possible support themselves.

Special Order No. 72 provided that all colored persons known as "contrabands," employed as servants by officers or others at Fort Monroe, should be furnished with their subsistence and at least eight dollars per month for males and four dollars for females. So much of this money as might be needed for their clothing was to be applied for that purpose, and the remainder to be paid into the hands of the Chief Quartermaster to create a fund for the support of those contrabands unable to work for their own support.

General Order No. 34 designated the pay and allowance to be made to contrabands at work in the military departments at Fort Monroe, as laborers and the like. Able-bodied negro men so employed were to be allowed ten dollars a month, and negro boys were to be allowed five dollars a month; in both cases with one ration and necessary clothing. But this money was not to be paid to the negroes earning it, but was to be turned over to the Quartermaster to be added to the fund mentioned above for the support of the women and children and those other negroes unable to work. As an incentive to good behavior, however, each able-bodied negro was allowed two dollars a month, and each negro boy one dollar a month for their own personal use.

But while the intent and purpose of these orders, of preventing the negroes from becoming irredeemable vagrants and a complete public charge, was to some extent achieved, yet, as the wages of their labor was in no way under their own control, the condition of the contrabands was practically the same as when in slavery. Further, the investigations of the Commission showed that they did not, to any great extent, receive even the slight personal and individual reward and incentive of the one or two dollars a month provided in the order.

The Commission, after a most searching and thorough investigation, made its report on March 20th, 1862. The report covered the whole subject minutely, and entered into and explained every detail of the condition and treatment of the fugitive negroes. The Commissioners found that the negroes were suffering from many abuses, partly due to individual culpability, but mainly to the unfortunate system, or rather lack of system, in dealing with them, to the condition naturally resulting from the entirely new character of the situation by which the military command was confronted, and the attitude of the administration which had practically forbidden any effort at solving the problem.

It was at this fundamental difficulty, the crux of the whole situation, that the chief efforts of the Commission were directed, in trying to devise a plan by which "to do justice to the claims of humanity in the proper discharge of the grave responsibility thrust upon the military authorities of this department." The conclusions reached and the suggestions offered by the Commissioners were stated in the closing clauses of the report as follows:

"SUGGESTIONS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THEIR CONDITION.—
Your Commission, after a careful review of the reports and suggestions

accompanying them, and a personal examination of the condition of the people, also after an examination of the laws of Congress, together with the question of military necessity, are forced to the conclusion that the practical working of the system inaugurated is highly objectionable, mainly wrong, and now entirely unnecessary.

1. *Want of Power.*—Without discussing the laws of Congress bearing on this subject, the question of State rights or anything covering the question of title—which are matters entirely to be determined by civil power—though all of which might, with propriety, be considered, if necessary, even by a military commission; your Commission believes there is want of authority in Government to hold these people and compel them to be recipients of its charity.

2. *Military Necessity.*—We suppose it cannot be urged as a military necessity to retain them, for identically the same voluntary labor can be obtained at as cheap or a less rate. It will hardly be denied that more is not performed by a person who has a voice in the wages of his labor than one who has not; besides, the military necessity could not extend to the women and children, and those who are sick and infirm. The position of all would be one of quasi-slavery, without being compelled to do their full work.

But admitting the military necessity of using those whose labor the military power requires, where is the authority for fixing a price by which others may employ them, using the wages of such labor to support those who do not or cannot support themselves?

The plan of giving the same pay to all alike is discouraging to the skillful, honest industrious laborer, who fully earns his wages, while it only confirms the lazy and shiftless in their laziness. There is no motive for the industrious to labor with diligence in his regularly appointed task. No matter how great their industry or perfect their skill, they can gain no more than the slothful or unskillful; and if they are not absolute drones, they get as much as if they gave their best exertions to the task. There is no incentive to ambition, to improve themselves as good workmen. Is it just to make the industrious and single work to accommodate a fund to support the lazy man's family? It is no argument against these people's ability to provide for themselves, that under their discouragements they do not show an activity as great as the white man under the incentive of proportional remuneration; for if white men were placed in the same situation, who can prove the result would not be the same?

It is destructive to the energies of an individual or a people to assure them of charity whenever they apprehend difficulty. Witness the effect of Irish soup houses and all socialistic institutions. Better by far to let one here and there fall by the wayside than to encourage the hope that the Herculean arm of the nation is to be wielded in clearing their path.

3. The demand for Government labor at this post is limited, but the Government would have, as its army advances, almost no limit to the demands on its charity. The system is therefore incapable of expansion, and cannot, from its very expensiveness to Government, be carried on with a much larger number. Is it well to establish a precedent for the benefit of an inferior race which has always been refused, and cannot be granted, to a superior race? and thus to establish a system that would be quoted against the Government by all parties—by its foes for its failure, by its friends for its expense, and by the recipients of its charity because it was not continued, and taught them to rely on a hope which could not be realized.

As a verification of the force of our argument, reference is made to the tabular statement under head VII., from which it will be found that for the months of November and December the number of rations issued to women and children and infirm brought the cost of subsistence on those who labored to thirty-three and one-half cents per capita per day, and in the months of January and February, when, it will be recollected, these issues to women and children were very largely suspended, the cost of subsistence on those who labored was twenty cents per capita per day. This decreased cost of labor is owing entirely to a curtailment of this charity, which compelled these people to rely on their own exertions, and yet no distress has occurred in consequence.

4. Your Commission are assured by educated and philanthropic gentlemen that there is no necessity for any governmental charity to these people; that the societies at the North will undertake to provide for all their proper wants in connection with their moral and intellectual culture. We earnestly recommend that it be left, as governments leave all similar demands, to the intelligence and generosity of the people. The Commission also recommend, as suggested under head VI., the use of the contrabands' quarters, near the fort, to be granted under the direction of a person who may be appointed as the superintendent, for daily schools for children and evening schools for adults and for Divine service

on Sundays, providing that the hours selected for these purposes shall not interfere with messing and hours of labor for the men, and always subject to the military authorities. They also recommend, as indicated in VI., that a site be granted for the purpose of erecting a school-house and chapel, providing that all structures erected for them be built and sustained without expense to the Government, and to be removed whenever the military authorities require, without claim on the Government for such removal; that all blacks or contrabands not in the employ of the Government, of officers, or others connected with the military service at the fort be removed—if they remain in this vicinity—beyond Mill Creek that no more buildings be erected at the Government expense, except for the shelter of those who are in Government service; that the wages of their labor be paid to these people for their own use and enjoyment; prices to be determined by individual skill, industry, and ability, and regulated by supply and demand, or by any other standard system which governs the departments of the army; as part of the compensation that each laborer receives one ration per day and quarters in all respects similar to the usage heretofore obtaining with white or black free labor.

5. The Commission would earnestly recommend the appointment by Government or the Commanding General of a person, as already indicated, always subordinate to the military authorities, though unconnected with the military service, a man of elevated moral character, high social position and intelligence, who would consent to serve from motives of philanthropy—such a person would be more fit—and recommend that the military authorities protect him in all proper efforts to improve these people physically, morally, and religiously, to inculcate the virtues indispensable to this end, such as honesty, industry, temperance, economy, patience, and obedience to all rightful authority, leaving out of the question their social and political rights, believing that these questions belong more properly to the Government.

6. Your Commission would likewise urgently recommend the appointment by the proper authority of a Provost Judge, who, clothed with civil power and military authority, could protect these ignorant people from being abused in their persons and enforce the recovery, from all who employ them, of their just dues.

This officer is also indispensably necessary in this military department, in the absence of all civil law, to protect loyal citizens from con-

tinual marauding by the soldiers and negroes. All officers, soldiers, and attaches of the army who have had the services of these people should be compelled to pay them the wages of their labor by virtue of Special Order No. 72.

7. Your Commission are aware that their suggested reforms conflict in a considerable degree with the present system, which was doubtless the plan of a benevolent and patriotic heart, and perhaps the best that could be devised for the time being. It was a new thing to all, beset with difficulties and antagonisms on all sides, but, like all systems, requiring practical results to develop its weak points and time to remedy its errors.

In conclusion your Commission are conscious of having taken much time in the examination of this most delicate but interesting question, but feel a consciousness that they have founded their opinions entirely upon facts presented.

We, the undersigned Commission, have the honor to be, with the highest consideration, your most obedient servants,

LE GRAND B. CANNON, T. J. CRAM,
Colonel U. S. A. and A. D. C. *Colonel Topographical Engineers,*
Inspector-General, and A. D. C.

WILLIAM P. JONES,
Major U. S. A., A. D. C., and
Provost Marshal.

AGRICULTURE IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1798-99

(With special reference to Washington's Farming)

Richard Parkinson was an English farmer, who came to America in 1798 to superintend the property of Washington at Mount Vernon, but was so much disappointed in the soil of Virginia and Maryland that he finally declined the position; and although he hired a farm neat Baltimore, which he worked for a year or so, he eventually returned to England, much disappointed in America. His views on Slavery, and many details of American life and manners at the time, are very intelligent, and show him to have been a man of considerable ability. On his return, he published his book, "The Experienced Farmer's Tour in America in 1798-1800." (London 1806) from which we have made these extracts. It will be seen that he had a poor opinion of Washington as a farmer and it is remarkable that the book seems to have been unknown to some if not all the latter's biographers.—[ED.]

In two days after we left this place we came in sight of Mount Vernon; but in all the way up the river I did not see any green fields. The country had to me a most barren appearance. There were none but

snake-fences, which are rails laid with the ends of one upon another, from eight to sixteen in number in one length. The surface of the earth looked like a yellow-washed wall; for it had been a very dry summer, and there was not anything that I could see green, except the pine trees in the woods, and the cedars, which made a truly picturesque view as we sailed up the Potowmac. It is indeed a most beautiful river.

When we arrived at Mount Vernon I found that General Washington was at Philadelphia; but his steward had orders from the General to receive me and my family, with all the horses, cattle, etc., which I had on board. A boat was therefore got ready for landing them; but that could not be done, as the ship must be cleared out at some port before anything was moved: so after looking about a few minutes at Mount Vernon I returned to the ship, and we began to make way for Alexandria.

We were two days in going this small distance, which is only nine miles. While we lay at anchor about two miles from that city, my stock of "blades"^{**} being consumed, and as I perceived a house, situated in what is in America termed very fine land, I went on shore to purchase some food for my horses and cattle. The gentleman of this house (named Rozer) had some hay. I thought this would do finely, but when I saw it I found it was grown on land where water continually stood, and had a great deal of different sorts of weeds in it, and among the rest wild mint: and besides stunk so much of one nastiness or other, that the horses would not touch it.

The next day we landed at Alexandria. General Washington's steward had recommended me to the inn kept by Mr. Gadsby, an Englishman. Here the stables were floored with boards: for in many parts of America, as there is not straw enough produced to litter the horses with, this is the practice. We put our horses, cattles, pigs, etc., into these *rooms*. The charges were very high; and in about twenty-one days our bill amounted to seventy pounds currency: we had moved our horses and cattle some days before or it would have been much more. I had repeatedly invitations to buy lands or take farms: but my reply was that I wanted only forty acres, or between that quantity and a hundred. At this the people were amazed: for having heard that I had agreed with General Washington for twelve hundred acres, and now did not like it, they thought I was mad. Great numbers of them came

*Cornstalk fodder.

to see my live-stock. They wanted to give me land for them: but I was not so fond of the land as they expected: I did not think any I had seen worth having, for by this time I had learnt the price of labour, and likewise what was the produce.

When I had been about seven days at Alexandria I hired a horse and went to Mount Vernon, to view my intended farm, of which General Washington had given me a plan, and a report along with it—the rent being fixed at eighteen hundred bushels of wheat for twelve hundred acres, or money according to the price of that grain. I must confess that if he would have given me the inheritance of the land for that sum, I durst not have accepted it, especially with the incumbrances upon it, viz: one hundred and seventy slaves young and old, and out of that number only twenty-seven in a condition to work, as the steward represented to me. I viewed the whole of the cultivated estate—about three thousand acres—and afterwards dined with Mrs. Washington and the family. Here I met a Doctor Thornton, who is a very pleasant agreeable man, and his lady, with a Mr. Peters and his lady, who was a grand-daughter of Mrs. Washington. Dr. Thornton living at the city of Washington he gave me an invitation to visit him there: he was one of the commissioners of the city.

I slept at Mount Vernon and experienced a very kind and comfortable reception: but did not like the land at all. I saw no green grass there, except in the garden, and this was some English grass, appearing to me to be a sort of couch-grass: it was in drills. There were also six saintfoin plants, which I found the General valued highly. I viewed the oats which were not thrashed and counted the grains upon each head but found no stem with more than four grains, and these of a very light and bad quality, such as I had never seen before, the longest straw was of about twelve inches. The wheat was all thrashed, therefore I could not ascertain the produce of that: I saw some of the straw, however, and thought it had been cut and prepared for the cattle in the winter: but I believe I was mistaken, it being short by nature, and with thrashing out it looked like chaff, or as if chopped with a bad knife. The General had two thrashing machines: the power given by horses. The clover was very little in bulk, and like chaff, not more than nine inches long and the leaf very much shed from the stalk. By the stubbles on the land I could not tell which had been wheat or which had been oats or barley; nor could I see any clover roots where the clover had grown.

The weather was hot and dry at that time: it was in December. The whole of the different fields were covered with either the stalks of weeds, corn stalks, or what is called sedge-something like spear-grass upon the poor limestone in England: and the steward told me nothing would eat it, which is true. Indeed he found fault with every thing, just like a foreigner, and even told me many unpleasant tales of the General, so that I began to think he was suspicious of my having come to take his place. But (God knows) I would not choose to accept of it: for he had to superintend four hundred slaves and there would be more now. This part of his business especially would have been painful to me: it is in fact a sort of trade of itself.

I had not in all this time seen what we in England call a corn-stack, nor a dunghill. There were indeed, behind two of the General's barns two or three cocks of oats and barley: but such as an English broad-wheeled waggon would have carried a hundred miles at one time with ease. Neither had I seen a green plant of any kind—there was some clover of the first year's sowing, but in riding over the fields I should not have known it to be clover although the steward told me it was; only when I came under a tree I could, by favour of the shade, perceive here and there a green leaf of clover, but I do not remember seeing a green root. I was shown no grass-hay of any kind, nor do I believe there was any. The cattle were very poor and ordinary, and the sheep the same; not did I see anything that I liked, except the mules, which were very fine ones and in good condition. I saw here a greater number of negroes than I ever saw at one time either before or since.

The house is a very decent mansion: not large, and something like a gentleman's house in England, with gardens and plantations, and is very prettily situated on the banks of the river Potowmac, with extensive prospects. It took its name from Admiral Vernon: the General's brother, who formerly owned the place, having served under that Admiral. The roads are very bad from Alexandria to Mount Vernon, even very near the General's house. I mention this circumstance merely because it seemed strange to me that so capital a man had it not in his power to provide an agreeable conveyance to that city, a distance of only nine miles.

The General still continuing at Philadelphia, I could not have the pleasure of seeing him: therefore I returned to Alexandria, where my family resided. Here I found a letter from Hugh Thompson, Esq.,

merchant in Baltimore, requesting me to go to that city, and making me an offer of two situations: the one near Anapolis, the other upon Elk Ridge (where the fine kite-foot tobacco was formerly grown) in the road between Alexandria and Baltimore, and nine miles from the latter. I likewise had an invitation to put my cattle and hogs over the river to Mr. Rozer, the gentleman whom I formerly mentioned, and who behaved to me with the greatest kindness. I had now met with a Colonel Lyles who lived at Broad Creek in Maryland, about four miles from Alexandria. With him I formed an acquaintance, and he gave me some friendly advice, respecting what sort of people these were whom I was invited to connect myself with; and as I had made up my mind not to have the General's farm he advised me not to send my stock there to be kept. To this I most readily agreed: for as the General's cattle and hogs were poor, I feared that mine would share the same fate: nor did I see anything proper to keep them on. I thought my cattle would eat in one month all the clover that I had yet seen, to keep them as we keep our cattle in England. I therefore sent them to Mr. Rozer, and one of my sons to take care of them, as he proposed to give me hay and blades for nothing—the corn and bran I was to pay for. Another gentleman, named Ricketts, who had a mill about a mile from the town of Alexandria, offered me in the same manner hay for my horses; this I readily accepted and sent my other son with them. This last gentleman had a small field of timothy, which was so situated as to be watered, and cut a great deal of hay; and the horses fattened very much on it with only the cost of four pounds ten shillings currency for three months' corn—a circumstance which gave me proof of the great efficacy of timothy hay for horses, and this opinion I still retain.

Mr. Ricketts had a great quantity of land in Kentucky, and he gave me some account of that country; but such as was to me no encouragement to go into the backwoods to live. He said it was not worth cultivating, even as a gift.

Having got my horses, cattle, hogs, etc., fixed, and my wife and family in lodgings, I began to look out for some place to settle in; and clearly seeing that farming would not do on any of the soils I had seen, and Colonel Lyles being a friendly, creditable and well informed man and a man of property, I advised with him on every occasion. I thought I would try to get a connection to brew and the city of Washington being a small distance from Alexandria, I made my thoughts known to

him. He offered to join me in a brewery at Washington, and we agreed to go together to look out for a situation. We had an invitation to dine with Doctor Thornton; and the Doctor having a public dinner on that day, I got introduced to many respectable characters; and among the rest a Mr. Law, a gentleman married to the grand-daughter of Mrs. Washington. Mr. Law is an Englishman, and brother to Lord Ellenborough. He gave Colonel Lyles and myself an invitation to go to sleep at his house, but we were prevented by General Washington coming to sleep there that night, and Colonel Lear his secretary. I had, however the gratification to be introduced to the General: and Colonel Lyles being a neighbour and a particular acquaintance of his, a most pleasant evening I spent. The General was quite sociable and received me very kindly. After supper, at nine o'clock the General went to bed, as that was his hour: for the supper in most houses being tea, and some broiled fish, sausages, steaks, etc., it is generally introduced between six and seven o'clock, which was done that evening. Doctor Thornton, Colonel Lyles, Mr. Law and myself sat some hours after; and the Colonel and I went to sleep at a tavern in the city which was kept by an Englishman named Tunnercliffe. We were asked the next morning to breakfast at Mr. Law's, with the General, which we did: and the General gave me a most kind invitation to go to see him in a few days. After breakfast he set off in his carriage for Mount Vernon.

Mr. Law having speculated largely in city lots (viz: of the intended new federal city, as it was called of *Washington*) he offered to let Colonel Lyles and me have any lot we should choose at the price it cost him, and to leave the money on common interest for any time we should mention. We looked out a lot and made a conditional bargain. I was to make an estimate and plan: which I did. But the expenses of building I found high; nor did I like the appearance of the place at all. I began to think it was too young a city for a brewery, there not being above three hundred houses: nor could I find that there was another man of any considerable moneyed property in the city, besides Mr. Law. I thought, too, that water being the usual drink of the country, there was very little probability of that custom changing for some time: and especially while they were employed in building houses, paving streets, etc. I therefore made known these sentiments to Colonel Lyles: and we dropped the scheme. Indeed I began to think of coming to England again.

After we had parted with the General and viewed the lot, we re-

turned to the tavern: where we found a gentleman from Washington county, General Sprigg, who was in search of me to buy some of the cattle or all of them, and the hogs; which he said were the best he had ever seen come from England, though he had had some himself and had seen a great many. He offered me a very good price for some of them. I had determined to sell everything I had brought with me—(having soon, however, learnt that it was a dangerous place to sell anything without having the money in hand) for I had seen no land I thought good enough to keep such cattle as mine on, and they would take a great deal of artificial support, which I knew in all countries is very expensive, especially in so poor a country as that. The winter, too, had set in, which was very severe and such as I had never experienced in England; though it was not so severe as had been expected, the thermometer being now at 13 degrees, whereas I was told it is sometimes down to 0. I then was in great fear of my cattle and hogs being all starved to death: for the weather having been very hot in some part of our voyage, so as to make the cattle hang out their tongues for several hours in the day, it had caused them to cast their hair at a very improper season; which was much against their standing such severe cold now, and especially as no houses were to be had for them.

I spent the day with General Sprigg at George Town, which joins to the city, and supped with him, in a tavern, on their famous canvas-back ducks, the flesh of which is, in my opinion, superior to the woodcock in England. These ducks are to be found in only two rivers in America, the Potowmac and the Susquehannah, which seems a very odd circumstance; and in these rivers there are thousands of them. I returned the next morning to Alexandria, and in a day or two afterwards went to see General Washington. I dined with him, and he showed me several presents that had been sent him: viz: swords, china, and among the rest the key of the Bastille. I spent a very pleasant day in the house, as the weather was so severe that there were no farming objects to see, the ground being covered with snow. The General wished me to stay all night, but having some other engagements I declined his kind offer. He sent Colonel Lear out after I had parted with him, to ask if I wanted any money; which I gladly accepted.

A few days afterwards I set off to Baltimore to see Mr. Thompson, with an intention to view his estate. I had previously obtained the General's approbation to print a second edition of my "*Experienced Farmer*", and his permission to dedicate it to him: but he desired I would

not mention this in the dedication, as he had refused a similar permission to a great number of his own countrymen. I then opened my subscription, in which I found great encouragement as I travelled along, and uncommon success in Baltimore.

At this last place I stopped a few days and then went to Anapolis, to see an estate of Mr. Thompson's, called Strawberry Hill. I had a letter of introduction from Mr. Gough of Baltimore, to General Ridgely, a gentleman of very great landed property, and member of the assembly. The Assembly being at that time sitting at Anapolis I got introduced to Mr. Carrol, a gentleman of the greatest property in America, and now lives at Anapolis. He kindly asked me to dine with him in two days from that time, and invited a great many of the assembly to meet me there. The Governor of Maryland was in the company and I spent a most agreeable day. I went the next day to view Strawberry Hill. I found it a beautiful situation but everything in very bad order. It had been a good house; there were large gardens and orchards, with a great number of different fruits, more than I had ever seen in America, but the fruit trees very much broken and abused. Here was, however, the same complaint as everywhere else. The land was very poor, covered with sedge-grass and small pine trees, which latter particularly denote a poor soil. It was a place for a man to spend money at, but I could see very little prospect to get any; otherwise Mr. Thompson's offer was such as it seemed a folly to refuse—for he requested no rent, and would repair the buildings, lend me money or anything. But as I had then formed an opinion of cows, and selling milk, Anapolis appeared to me a poor place, for there was nothing to keep cows on, and if there was, no person to buy milk, or at least no money to pay for it with—so I declined his very favourable proposals.

I had then an offer from General Ridgely of a farm of great note, nine miles from Baltimore. I got an invitation, and a letter of introduction to Colonel Mercer, by whom I was very kindly received, and I found him a most agreeable man. He was said to live on one of the best plantations in America, and indeed I do not know whether it be not as good as any I saw. It is called West River, and lies on the west side of the bay. His cattle were very poor. He had got two thrashing machines, one of them from England, that were to thrash the ears only; which he said answered very well for thrashing wheat injured by the mildew, or what the Americans call the *rust*. I staid some time there, and the Colonel then introduced me to a Mr. Steward, a tobacco-planter.

At this gentleman's I spent an agreeable day, and slept all night; and then returned to Alexandria, to see my family, horses, cattle, etc.,

After a few days I went into the country to see Colonel Lyles and some other gentlemen, and then set off to Baltimore. In my journey I slept at Major Snowdon's, a very hospitable man indeed. He showed me a bull of his, a stud horse and some different things, but nothing of any superior value except a pair of coach-horses. I arrived at Baltimore, and soon afterward set off to see General Ridgely's farm.

On the way I was introduced by a Mr. Thomas Ringold to a Mr. Gittings, who lives fourteen miles from Baltimore, a gentleman of property and of good information. He has the finest timothy-meadows there are in America, and knows how to treat them better than any other man I ever met with, either there or in England. He told me an anecdote of his first gaining the proper idea—He used to cut his timothy-meadow as those meadows are in general cut, viz: when they were in flower; (here follows a technical description with which we will not detain our readers) I rode over in the summer on purpose to see his timothy-meadows, which were very fine indeed and vastly superior to any other in that country.

Now to resume my journey to view General Ridgely's farm: In my way was the residence of Mr. Ringold, whom I have before mentioned. He had married a daughter of Mr. Gittings, and therefore I must spend a night with him too. He had built himself a very genteel house: he said, in the English fashion, though a violent republican. His land was very poor, and everything in an unfinished state. The next day he went with me to General Ridgely's, where I stopped some days. The General's land is of great note, being what is termed limestone land, and more productive than any other in that country.

* * * * * * * The farm which the General had intended for me was of four hundred acres, with a very good new house, smoke-house, a spring-house for milk, and several other useful and profitable things, besides a young orchard of ten acres; and the whole at about four shillings currency per acre yearly rent. Indeed he offered it at my own price, and to purchase me ploughs, horses, negroes and everything else I might want for the cultivation, and let me have the money at common interest. I kindly thanked him but however, rejected this offer.

The great cause of the fertility of the limestone lands is that the

stone keeps it cool in that hot climate. The General's lands are very well cultivated, and much better than most others in the country; his cattle, sheep, horses, &c., of a superior sort and in much finer condition than many that I saw in America. He is very famous for race-horses, and usually keeps three or four horses in training, and what enables him to do this is that he has very extensive iron-works: or otherwise he could not. He is a very genteel man and is said to keep the best table in America. I continued in friendship with him to the time of my leaving the country; and as he had a house in Baltimore where he spent his winters, I often experienced his great hospitality.

In the General's farm was a part, of fifty acres, equal in quality to Mr. Gittings's for timothy-meadows: and by pains and labour it might be watered: but the expense of those things in America are not to be estimated, which forbids all improvements. Besides, the roads from thence to Baltimore are so bad for carriages as to be a day's work in the winter for a team; and horses are of much more chargeable keeping than in England, from the two extremes of heat and cold. These fifty acres produced a sort of grass, by nature rather superior to most that I saw in the country: indeed, as a farm it had the greatest natural advantages of any farms I had occasion to view that were to let. * * * * * * * From the many civilities I had received in the town of Baltimore I began to have a respect for it; and General Washington having in a most friendly manner given me his opinion of the whole country, so that I might know how to situate myself, he had told me Baltimore was and would be the risingest town in America except the federal city. But there being many things previously necessary to make the produce get conveyed to the federal city, that now in greatest part goes to Baltimore —such as navigable cuts, turnpike roads, &c.—I had made up my mind to settle near to Baltimore: thinking that as I *was* in America, and had got a large subscription to my intended treatise, a farm would improve my family and improve my own ideas. I knew that *situation* was a great point in any place, and especially where labour is so high, and indeed in some measure scarcely to be obtained. The General told me Philadelphia would decline; but New York would always maintain an eminent commercial rank from its position—the frost not stopping the navigation so early, and sometimes not at all. To convince me, he gave reasons why Baltimore and the federal city must be ultimately places of great trade—observing that from all the western country, which is so extensive and is said to be fertile, the produce must come to these two

markets—the Potowmac bringing it to the federal city, and the Susquehanna to Baltimore. * * * * * I thought Baltimore one of the most industrious, lively places I ever saw, and do so yet; but from my observations on all things I do not know how a body of people can be nationally rich where land is poor; for if the produce costs more in raising and sending to market than it is worth, I cannot see from whence the riches of such a nation are to come. Now from the calculations which will be hereafter stated under the head of Experiments, it will appear plainly that the lands of America are so barren that it will cost a man more to raise a crop and carry it to market, and to return with what he has obtained for his article, than will afford him the usual comforts of life. * * * * * I went forward to Philadelphia with letters of introduction from different gentlemen in Baltimore to some respectable persons in Philadelphia: and as Congress was at that time sitting I had great opportunities both of acquiring information and of soliciting subscriptions to my intended Treatise. My first introduction was to Colonel Howard, a very worthy man and a member of the Senate: his wife was one of the Chew family in Philadelphia. From him I got introduced to Mr. Jefferson, the then Vice-President and now President. This gentleman, being very fond of the subject of agriculture, was kind enough to ask me to step into his room any time when I should find him at leisure. On such occasions a most pleasant man I found him. His travels having been chiefly into France I was much edified by hearing what was the practice there; and likewise what sort of agriculture he carried on in that part of Virginia where he lived. He made me a present of the mold-board of a plough he had invented himself: and told me of some red peas, which he offered to give me. He invited me to go to visit him, and showed me every possible civility. He told me the average crops of wheat in Virginia and Maryland were nearly three bushels and a half per acre. I was next introduced to a gentleman of distinguished character—Mr. Boadley, the author of some *Sketches Upon Agriculture* * * * * * I was then introduced to Mr. Stodard, secretary of the Navy, to Mr. Timothy Pickering, secretary of the war office and several other eminent characters * * * * * It is well-known that General Washington did not in some seasons raise so much from his land as would keep his people, with the addition of a very numerous fishery, and his information from this country was very erroneous: for he told me that he had sent a fleece of wool to Arthur Young, Esq., who sent it to some manufacturing town in England, and wrote him back that it was found equal in quantity and quality to the

average of the wool in England, with many other remarks of a similar tendency. I surprised the General very much: and Colonel Lear was present, who had been in England and he mentioned his having been with Mr. Young, who he said called him a fool for being in trade with so much land. The Colonel replied that if he had his land to till it would make a fool of him. I told the General my father's wool on his farm, part of it poor land, averaged nine pounds a fleece of eleven hundred sheep upon five hundred acres of land—and some part of it two shillings and sixpence per acre: and his would not average more than three pounds a fleece on three thousand acres with one hundred sheep. I have heard say that Colonel Lear remarked that he never knew any man to speak with so much candour to the General as I did. The General's opinion of his own land, cattle, sheep, &c., was not at all like that of a man of information. His sheep were very shabby ones: the wool from his sheep at the time of clipping would not average more than three pounds a fleece. He told me his sheep were much better before the war, and pleaded want of care. But the General, at his death, shewed his great partiality to his property. In his will he valued himself, I think, at ten times more than he was worth. I was at Philadelphia at the time his will was published: there was the value of his personal and real estates: and the company present remarked what great wealth he had acquired. I then said that he had valued himself at ten times more than he was worth, knowing Mount Vernon well, and the number of acres and likewise his stock: and as there was to be a sale of his stock on the farm, it would be seen. The proposed sale was made in the spring, and a gentleman who had heard me make the observation, and who went to the sale, afterwards told me he was sure I was right in my judgment. There was nothing sold but the Malta ass, and he was valued by the General at five hundred dollars, and sold for one hundred. The General died as great a friend to his country as he lived: such a will makes a great rumour. I have heard it repeatedly said that he died richer than any monarch upon earth. When I have been saying in company that there was no farming to any advantage in America, it would be observed what a fortune General Washington had acquired by farming. If land and negroes make a man rich he was so; but I do not think them good property. * * * * * I think a large number of negroes to require as sever discipline as a company of soldiers: and that may be one and the great cause why General Washington managed his negroes better than any other man, he being brought up to the army and by nature in-

dustrious beyond any description, and in regularity the same. * * * It may be worthy the reader's notice to observe what regularity does; since there can not be any other reason given for General Washington's superior powers than his correctness, that made him able to govern that wild country: for it was the opinion of many of his most intimate friends that his intellects were not brighter than those of many other men. To me he appeared a mild, friendly man, in company rather reserved, in private speaking with candor. His behaviour to me was such that I shall ever revere his name. He lived a great man, and died the same.

RICHARD PARKINSON.

LONDON, 1805.

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XXX (Concluded)

THE CONSPIRATORS

THOUGH the hour was late, yet the party collected at Schoonmacker's were still seated at table when Bradshawe, having stationed his sentries, prepared to join them. The carousing royalists had evidently drunk deep during the evening. The health of "The King" was pledged again and again; and their favorite toast of "Confusion to the Rebels" was floating upon a bumper near each one's lips when Bradshawe entered the apartment.

"You are loud in your mirth, gentlemen," cried the Tory officer, returning their vociferous greeting with some sternness, and impatiently waving from him the glass that was eagerly proffered by more than one of the conspirators. "Do I see all of our friends, Mr. Schoonmacker, or have these loyal gentlemen brought some retainers with them?" added Bradshawe, with more blandness, bowing at the same time politely to three or four of the company, as he recognised them individually either as influential characters well known in the county, or as old personal acquaintances of his own. "I was told, Major MacDonald," continued he, turning to a noble-looking, gray-headed man of fifty, "I was told that you, at least, could bring some twenty-five or thirty of your friends and dependants to strengthen our battalion of Royal Rangers."

"Twenty-six, sir, is the number of followers which I have promised to add to the royal levies; but, in lending my poor means to aid the cause of the king, I was not aware that my recruits were to be mustered under the command of a stranger; nor did I understand from General St. Leger that we were to serve in the Rangers. There are certain forms, young sir, to be observed in such proceedings as those in which we are engaged; and it may be well for you to produce certain missives, with which you are doubtless furnished, before we proceed directly to business."

Bradshawe—who, by-the-by, was hardly of an age to be addressed as "young sir" without some offence to his dignity—bit his lip while observing the coolness with which the worthy major knocked the ashes from his segar while tranquilly thus delivering himself. He, however, repressed the insolent language which rose to his lips in reply, and, placing his hand in his bosom, contented himself with flinging contemptuously upon the table a bundle of papers which he drew forth, exclaiming, at the same time:

"You will find there my warrant, gentlemen, for busying myself in these matters."

As he spoke he threw himself into a chair and poured out a glass of wine, with whose hue and flavor he tried to occupy his attention for the moment; but he could not conceal that he was somewhat nettled by the coolness with which the veteran turned over and examined the documents one after another, passing the captain's commission of Bradshawe with the other papers, successively to those who sat near him. Bradshawe moved uneasily in his chair as this examination which seemed to be needlessly minute and protracted, was going forward; and it is impossible to say what might have been the result of so severely testing the patience of his restless and overbearing mind, if the phlegmatic investigation of the worthy major had not been interrupted by a noisy burst of merriment from another part of the house, which instantly called the partisan captain to his feet.

"For God's sake, Mr. Schoonmacker, what means this revelry Do those sounds come from the rebels, who lie near enough and in sufficient force to crush us in a moment, or is it our own friends who play the conspirator after such a fashion? Who the dev—"

"Your zeal is too violent—pardon me, my worthy friend," interrupted the amiable host. "The revellers you hear are only the good country people whom our friends have brought with them to honor my poor house, and who are making themselves a little merry over a barrel of cider in the kitchen. We could not, you know, Mr. Bradshawe," he added, in an insinuating, deprecatory tone, as the other raised his eyebrows with a look of unpleasant surprise, "we could not but give them the means of drinking the health of the king, and all are so well armed that we dread no surprise from Colonel Weston."

A shade of chagrin and vexation passed over the haughty features of Bradshawe as he compared in his mind more than one orderly and stern assemblage of the Whigs, to which he had managed to gain access, with the carousing crew with whom he had now to deal. "The fools, too!" he muttered, "sending my countrymen to drink with their servants! Do they think that is the way to confirm the loyalty of American yeomen?" Then addressing himself to the company with that urbane and candid air which he knew so well how to assume, and by which he had often profited when before a jury in other days, he said, "I was too hasty,

gentlemen; but I was afraid, from the noise I heard that a body of Indians that I have brought with me had in some way got access to liquor; and, to prevent the possibility of so dangerous a circumstance, I think we had better at once call our friends together, and let the proclamation of General St. Leger, with the accompanying letter from Sir John Johnson, both of which lie before you, be read aloud for the benefit of all."

The suggestion, which could not but have weight with all parties, was instantly adopted. A meeting was soon organised by calling Major MacDonald to the chair and appointing Mr. Schoonmacker secretary; and the more humble adherents of the royal cause being summoned from the other parts of the house, the proclamation and letter were duly read by the latter.

The appeal of Sir John to the timid and disaffected inhabitants of Tryon county to follow his example, and, abandoning their present neutral position, take up arms for their lawful sovereign, was received with warm approbation. Nor was there less enthusiasm upon hearing the proclamation from St. Leger read, inviting all true subjects of the king and all violators of the laws, who hoped pardon for past offences from his majesty's goodness, to come and enroll themselves with his army now before Fort Stanwix. Bradshawe then moved a resolution, beginning with the customary preamble, "At a meeting of the loyal gentry and yeomanry of Tryon county, convened," &c., and by way of clinching matters while they seemed in such capital train, he mounted a chair and commenced haranguing the assemblage, urging the importance of immediate action in the cause to which every man present had now fully committed himself.

His adroit, and, withal, impassioned eloquence, was addressed chiefly to the common people; and the generous boldness with which he committed his and their property to the chances of a civil war, in which either had but little or nothing to lose, elicited their rapturous admiration; particularly when he set forth, in glowing terms, how much they were to expect from the exhaustless bounty of their sovereign. In the midst of his harangue, however, and while all parties were warmed up to the highest pitch of loyal enthusiasm, he met with an interruption, the cause of which may be best explained by looking back a few pages in our narrative.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE SPY

THE outlaw Valtmeyer, after parting with his officer in the manner already described, had proceeded at once, agreeably to the permission he had obtained, toward Fort Dayton, which had been for some time garrisoned by a battalion of Continental troops under the command of Colonel Weston, but where several detachments of other corps had recently taken up their temporary quarters. The object of Valtmeyer was partly to reconnoitre the out-works of the fort for future attack, and partly to spy out any movement upon the part of Weston and his people which might indicate that Bradshawe's mission in the neighborhood was suspected, and give him and his friends timely warning of the danger.

A well-trained Indian warrior would, as Bradshawe had hinted, have better performed this duty than the wild borderer to whom it was now intrusted; for the character of Valtmeyer, whose vindictive daring and brutal courage has made his name terrible in the tradition of this region, was even less suited than that of a wild Indian to the duties and responsibilities of a regular soldier. The Indian warrior, though he insists upon encountering his enemy wholly after his own fashion, is still amenable to certain rude laws of discipline, for whose observance he may be relied upon; but the white frontiersman who has led the life of a free hunter, perhaps of all other men shrinks most from every form of military subordination. And, indeed, Valtmeyer, though, to answer his own selfish purpose, he had so often been a mere tool in the hands of Bradshawe, already regretted having taken service with the Royal Rangers, and consenting to act under the command of any person save that of Wolfert Valtmeyer.

Being now wholly withdrawn from the surveillance of his officer, the worthy Wolfert, somewhat oblivious of his military duties, bethought himself how he could turn the occasion to the best account, by what a similar combatant in the battle of Bennington afterward called *making war on his own hook*. In other words, he determined to amuse himself for an hour or so within the purlieus of Fort Dayton, by carrying off or slaying some of the sentinels; a species of entertainment which he thought there would be no difficulty in indulging himself in. This seizing of opposite partisans, and holding them to ransom, was always a favorite feat with Valtmeyer, and his compeer Joe Bettys; and the annals of the period make it of so common occurrence in the province of New York that one would almost think that man-stealing was the peculiar forte of its inhabitants.

Had Wolfert, in approaching the fort, got his eye upon any of the picket-guard, he might very possibly have successfully effected his purpose. But, ill-practised as he was in the regulations of a well-ordered garrison, the adventurous hunter had not the least idea how far the line of outposts extended; and, like many a cunning person, he overreached himself while trying to circumvent others. In a word he got completely within the line of defences, without being at all aware of their position.

With the stealthy art of a practised deer-stalker, he managed to creep, alike unobserved by others and himself unobserving, within the outer line of pickets, which was posted in the deep shadow of a wood, to a thicket of briars, where he paused. The gleam of a sentinel's musket above the bushes had lured him thus far, and he halted to see if the sentinel himself were now visible. It seemed that he could make out nothing satisfactory as yet; for now, throwing himself upon his chest, he continued slowly to advance, crawling through the long grass until he gained a copse of dog-wood and sumach bushes within half pistol-shot of his victim. The soldier was now fully displayed to view; Valtmeyer could see his very buttons gleam in the light of the moon, as the planet from time to time shone through the clouds which traversed her face. Another moment, and the seizure was fully accomplished. The brigand, crumpling his worsted sash in his hands, leaped upon the sentinel just as he was turning in his monotonous walk, and bore him to the ground, while adroitly gagging his mouth before he could utter a cry.

"Pshaw! what a cocksparrow!" muttered Wolfert, when, having dragged his captive within the bushes, he for the first time observed that it was but a stripling recruit of some sixteen or eighteen years.—"I must carry away with me something better than a boy."

With these words he hastily secured the lad to a sapling by the aid of a thong which he cut from his leather hunting-shirt, and then prepared to make a similar onset upon the next sentinel in the same line.

This man had paused for a moment at the end of his walk, waiting for a glimpse of moonlight to reveal his comrade, whom he had missed in his last turn. A straggling beam fell at last upon the path before him and the soldier, resting on his musket, leaned forward, as if trying to pierce the gloom. The side of his person was turned toward Valtmeyer, and his head only partially averted; but Wolfert preferred seizing the present moment rather than to wait for a more favorable one, which

might not come. Clasping his hands above his head, he leaped forward with a sudden bound, and threw them like a noose over the neck of the other, slipping them down below the elbows, which were thus pinioned to the side of his prisoner, whose musket dropped from his hands.

"Wilfert Valtmeyer, by the Etarnal!" ejaculated the man, instantly recognising his assailant from the well-known trick which they had often practised upon each other in the mock-wrestling of former days.

"Exactly the man, Balt; and you must go with him."

"Not unless he's a better man than ever I proved him." said Balt, struggling in the brawny arms of his brother borderer, who held him at such disadvantage.

"Donder and blixem, manny, you would not have me kill a brother hunter, would ye?" growled Valtmeyer, whose voice thickened with anger as he felt himself compelled to use every effort to maintain his grip.

"There's—no—brother—hood—between—us—in—this—quar'l," panted forth the stout-hearted Balt, without an instant relaxing his endeavor.

"Then die the death of a rebel fool," muttered the other, hastily drawing his knife, and raising it to strike. The blow, as driven from behind by so powerful a hand, must have cut short the biography of the worthy Balt, had it fairly descended into the neck at which it was aimed. But the intent of the Tory desperado was foreseen in the very instant that the former released his grip with one hand in order to draw his knife with the other; and Balt, dropping suddenly upon his knees as Valtmeyer, who was full a head taller than his opponent, threw the whole weight of his body into the blow, the gigantic borderer was pitched completely over the head of his antagonist, and measured his length upon the sod. The clanging of his arms as he fell, raised an instant alarm among those whom the deep-breathed threatenings of these sturdy foes had not before roused. But Valtmeyer was upon his feet before Balt or the other sentinel, who rushed to the spot, could seize him. Indeed, he brought the former to the ground with a pistol-shot, stunning, but happily not wounding him, as he himself was in the act of rising. The other sentinel, who ought to have fired upon the first alarm, made a motion to charge upon him, and then threw away his shot by firing just at the instant when Valtmeyer parried the thrust of the bayonet with his knife, and of course, simultaneously averted the muzzle of the gun from his body.

While this was passing, the guard turned out; but, though Valtmeyer received their fire unharmed as he rushed toward the wood, he escaped one danger only to fall into another. Ignorant of the existence of the outer line of sentinels, he was seized by the picket-guard in the moment that, thinking he had escaped all dangers, he relaxed his efforts to make good his advantage.

The prisoner being brought before Colonel Weston, that sagacious officer lost no time in a fruitless examination of so determined a fellow taken under such circumstances. The redoubtable Valtmeyer was well known to him by fame, and Balt fully established his identity. Weston was before aware that the noted outlaw had taken service with one of the different corps of Butler's Rangers, and he readily conceived that he had been but now acting as the scout for some predatory band of Tories. Captain De Roos, who, as an active and efficient partisan officer, had been summoned to the fort for the very purpose of scouring the country for such offenders, was sent off with his command to make the circuit of the neighborhood, and another detachment of troops was instantly despatched to the suspected house of Mr. Schoonmacker. The latter duty was one of some delicacy, and requiring a cooler judgment than that of De Roos; and Weston selected Major Greyslaer as the officer to whom it might best be intrusted.

De Roos, rashly insisting that he could squeeze something out of the sulky villain, was permitted to take Valtmeyer with him as a guide to the whereabouts of his friends; and Valtmeyer, after fooling with him for a season, and leading his party in every direction but the right one, finally succeeded in saving his own neck from the gallows by giving them the slip entirely. The expedition of Greyslaer had a different issue.

Ever cool and steady in his purposes when duty called upon him to collect his energies, this officer advanced with speed and secrecy to the goal he had in view. The grounds around Schoonmacker's house were crossed and every door beset by a party of armed men in perfect quietness. Balt—who had soon recovered from the stunning effects of the pistolshot that grazed his temple—availed himself of the lesson in soldier-craft which he had just received from his brother woodsman, and secured the only sentinel that was upon his post. The temptation of the cider-barrel in the kitchen proved too strong for the Indians and their newly-levied white comrades to permit of their keeping a better watch.

The house was, in fact, fairly surrounded by the Whig forces before a sound was heard to interrupt the harangue which Bradshawe was perorating within. MacDonald alone sprang from his seat, and, darting into an adjacent closet, made his escape through an open window in the moment that Greyslaer entered the room with a file of bayonets.

"In the name of the Continental Congress, I claim you all as my prisoners," cried Max, advancing to the table, and, with great presence of mind, seizing all the papers upon it, including the commission of Bradshawe.

That officer, who had stood for the moment astonished at the scene, now made a fiery movement to clutch the papers from Greyslaer as the latter quietly ran his eye over their superscription; but he instantly found himself pinioned by two sturdy fellows behind him.

"See that you secure that spy effectually, my men."

"Spy, sir!" cried Bradshawe, with a keen look of anxious inquiry, while he vainly tried to give his voice the tone of indignant disclaimer to the imputed character.

"Spy was the word, sir," answered Max, gravely; "and, unless these documents speak falsely, as such you will probably suffer by dawn tomorrow. This paper purports to be the commission of Walter Bradshawe as captain in Butler's regiment of Royal Rangers; and the promised promotion in this note, for certain service to be rendered this very night, leaves no doubt of the character in which Captain Bradshawe has introduced himself into an enemy's country. Lansingh, remove your prisoner to the room on the other side of the hall, and see that he be well guarded!"

VOL. XV

NO. 5

THE

MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Americanus sum: Americani nihil a me alienum puto

MAY, 1912

WILLIAM ABBATT

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EXTRACTS FROM THE PROVIDENCE GAZETTE

(Ninth Paper)

August 14, 1779

ON THE 29th ult Capt. Monro fell in with a Letter of Marque Ship of 22 Nine Pounders and after an engagement of three Glasses* night coming on, he lay by to repair his rigging. Next morning the action was renewed with great warmth, and continued one Glass, when the *Saratoga's* Hull and Rigging being much damaged by the superior force of the Enemy, Capt. Monro was obliged to sheer off. He had 3 men killed and several wounded.

August 28, 1779

Extract of a Letter from Boston dated August 23:

"The Continental Frigates *Providence*, *Ranger* and *Queen of France* returned the 21st instant to this Port, whence they sailed the 17th of June, since which they have captured 9 ships and 1 Brig bound from Jamaica to England, richly freighted with Rum and Sugar to the amount of 4927 Hogsheads, besides Pimento, Cotton, Wool, Fustick, Logwood, etc., Eight of the Prizes are safe arrived. 135 Prisoners taken in the above Prizes were this day confined on board the Guard Ship in Boston Harbour. There is a considerable number more on board the Frigates, which will be put on board the Guard Ship ToMorrow Morning."

Captain James Monro, in the Privateer Brig *Saratoga* of this Port, has retaken a Privateer Schooner of 8 Guns, formerly the *Harlequin* of Salem. He has also retaken a Ship from Connecticut loaded with Lumber; both Prizes are arrived in safe Ports.

Capt. Webster, in the *General Wayne* Privateer of this Port, has retaken a Sloop from Newbury with Lumber and Fish that had been captured by the *Romulus*, a British Ship of War. This Prize is also safe arrived.

* An hour and a half.

September 4, 1779

Capt. Jacobs, in the Privateer Brig *Happy Return*, of this Port, has retaken a Sloop from St. Eustatia, bound for Ireland with 100 Pipes of Madeira Wine. Also a Sloop from Jamaica, laden with Rum, Molasses and Fruit. The first mentioned Prize is arrived in a safe Port.

Capt. Jacobs has also sent into a safe Port a Brig from Boston laden with Lumber and Fish. The Piratical crew, five in number, having risen upon the Captain and got possession of the vessel were steering for New York. They were conducted here yesterday in irons, and committed to safe keeping.

The Continental Sloop *Argo* and the Privateer *Revenge* have taken a Brig from London, laden with Flour and some dry goods. They have also captured a vessel from Tobago, laden with Rum. The Prizes are safe arrived. The Brig having had a long passage the latest papers received by her are of the 27th of May.

Explosion of the Powder Mill in North Providence.

Providence Gazette, September 4, 1779

Last Saturday Afternoon (Aug. 28,) the Powder Mill in North Providence, with a store adjacent containing about two tons of Powder, were blown up. By this affecting accident two worthy men lost their lives, viz: Mr. Jacob Goffe and Mr. Laban Baverly, both of this Town, who expired the same evening. It appears they were employed in remanufacturing a parcel of damaged powder, which took fire in one of the mortars, supposed to have been occasioned by a flint that was perhaps among it, when returned to the Mill. The flame was instantly communicated to a quantity of Saltpeter and Sulphur, and then to the finished powder which unhappily had not been removed to the building prepared to receive it. The explosion was heard several miles round, and a beam of the mill was thrown about three quarters of a mile from the spot where it stood.

September 18, 1779

The Prisoners on board the Prison Ship near Fox Point having concerted a Plan to effect their escape on Sunday night (Sept. 12), last, it was attempted to be carried into execution. They accordingly rose upon the Guard and disarmed them, and were to have seized the boat on her return from Town, but one of the sentries having discharged his

musket the Guard at Fox Point was alarmed and the Prisoners immediately secured.

October 2, 1779

Capt. Esek Hopkins, Jun, in the Privateer Schooner *Lively* of this Port, has taken and sent in a Schooner of 70 tons from St. Lucia for New York, having on board 60 Puncheons of Rum, 8 or 10 Hogsheads of Sugar etc. The Prize Master informs that he saw about 20 Sail of large Ships at anchor off Sandy Hook, last Monday Afternoon.

Capt. Hopkins has also retaken a Sloop with Fish and Lumber, which has not yet arrived.

Newport, September 23.

Yesterday arrived here the Ship *William*, James Wignell, Master, in 6 weeks and 4 days from Liverpool, by whom we learn that Sir Charles Hardy's Fleet has been cruising in quest of the French Fleet ever since our last accounts from England, but was obliged, a few days before Captain Wignell sailed, by a strong westerly wind to put into Torbay. Since which they have been joined by 3 Ships of the Line, which makes the number of the Fleet to be 37. More were getting ready to join them. The workmen are employed double tides and most of the Ships which are turned out of dock are sheathed with copper.

A part of the Refugee Fleet returned here last evening with wood, cattle, poultry, etc.

October 9, 1779

Wednesday Evening (Oct. 6), three Hessian Fuzileers and one British Deserter from the 22d Regiment came off Rhode Island. They inform that all the Baggage of the Army of every kind that was at the North End has been sent to Newport. That the Enemy are busily employed in collecting the Roots raised for the Troops and carting them to town. That working parties are kept up at the North End, but they suppose this to be nothing more than a *Finesse*, as the Officers take no care of the Works and that they are confident from the observation they have made of their late movements that the Enemy are preparing to evacuate the Island.

October 16, 1779

By His Excellency, William Greene, Esquire, Governor, Captain General and Commander in Chief of and over the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations:

Whereas it appears very probable, from the motions of the Enemy, that they are about to evacuate Newport and the Council of War have passed a Resolve forbidding in such case the Commanders, Officers and Mariners of all private armed Boats and Vessels and all other private persons whatever to land on the Island of Rhode Island and Jamestown to molest the inhabitants or to take or destroy their property under any pretence whatsoever upon the Penalty of forfeiting and paying Double the Value of the Property taken or damage done, to be recovered before any Court of Record in this State and requested me to issue a Proclamation accordingly; I have therefore thought fit to issue this Proclamation to make known the said Resolve, And do hereby call upon all persons concerned to take Notice thereof and govern themselves accordingly. Given under my Hand and the Seal of the Said State at Providence this Fifteenth Day of October A.D. 1779 and in the Fourth Year of Independence. By His Excellency's Command.

HENRY WARD, Sec'y.

WILLIAM GREENE.

Since our last several Deserters have come from Rhode Island. They all agree that the Fleet now here is to carry the Garrison to New York.

On Thursday Morning (Oct. 14), a Soldier of the 22d British Regiment, having deserted the evening before, was pursued by a party of the Enemy and overtaken on the Shore opposite Tiverton. A Party of our Troops immediately went over, drove off the Enemy, rescued the Deserter and brought him to Tiverton; but he had received previously three stabs in the body and a ball through one of his arms. He informs that all the Heavy Artillery and Baggage were embarked, and that General Orders had been issued whereby the Tories had Liberty to embark their effects and go in the Fleet to New York.

The Fleet which came through Hell Gate from New York on Monday sen'night (Oct. 4), as mentioned in our last, arrived at Rhode Island last Monday. It consisted of 52 Sail of empty Transports (32 of which were Ships) convoyed by three or four armed vessels.

NOTE: The item referred to above reads under date of New London, Oct. 6: "We further learn that 70 Sail of Vessels came through Hell Gate last Monday." J. N. A.

(To be continued)

JAMES N. ARNOLD.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE REBELLION

(*Sixth Paper*)

THIS report was drawn by myself, and it required no little effort to have my associates in the Commission sign it. Although naturally admitting all the facts obtained and the conclusions reached, they hesitated about signing the report to the Commanding General, influenced no doubt by a consideration of the rebuke which the Administration had visited upon other officers under similar circumstances.

General Wool hesitated about adopting the report and issuing the orders it called for, because of the experience of General Fremont and General Hunter, whose attempts to deal practically with this question had not been supported by the Government, but, on the contrary, had been rebuked.

While the approval of this report by General Wool was in abeyance the late William E. Dodge and the late John Jay came to Fortress Monroe to see their sons, who were in the service. These gentlemen were very prominent in public life, and possessed in a high degree the confidence of the people of the North, with whom they had deservedly great influence. They held different views of slavery, Mr. Dodge being an emancipationist and Mr. Jay an abolitionist, but both were men of intense loyalty.

It occurred to me to take the responsibility of confidentially reading the report to these two gentlemen, and asking their views as to how it would be received by the North and by the Administration. I felt that if they approved of this line of policy their influence would be great with the Administration in securing the latter's endorsement for it. I took Mr. Dodge up to my room and read the report to him, enjoining upon him profound secrecy. After reading it to him I also took Mr. Jay into my confidence, and read the report to him also. Both of these gentlemen, neither knowing that the other had seen the report, endorsed it in most enthusiastic terms, saying they believed that it would solve the whole question of the negro's *status*. I then said to these gentlemen:

"Your influence would be very great in getting General Wool to sign this report, and as you are to dine with us this evening, I believe that I can induce General Wool to ask you to hear this report read and to get your views on it."

At the close of the dinner at headquarters that evening I went quietly round to General Wool and made the suggestion, that these two gentlemen were men of such position that their views on the problem before us and our suggested solution would be very valuable, and asked him what he thought of confidentially reading the report of the Commission to them. The General immediately assented to my proposition. In a few moments he ordered the servants from the room, and then requested me to get the report, explaining to Mr. Dodge and Mr Jay that he wanted to have it read to them in order to get their views about it.

During the reading Mr. Dodge and Mr. Jay made frequent expressions of earnest approval, and at the close both gentlemen, in a most emphatic and enthusiastic manner, urged General Wool to immediately approve it, for, they said, it would add more to his reputation than all of his military record, for he would have solved this great question which the Administration had utterly failed to do. General Wool had explained to them, as of course they very well knew, that other officers had not been supported in their efforts to deal with the matter. But Mr. Dodge and Mr. Jay were so emphatic in their approval of the course suggested in our report, that General Wool finally said:

"Well, gentlemen, I will approve this report to-night on one condition, and that is, that you will go with Colonel Cannon to the War Department with this report, and that you will induce the Secretary of War and the President to sanction it; otherwise I cannot sign it."

Both gentlemen replied: "We will go, and will do as you desire with the greatest pleasure."

I went up to Washington the next evening, accompanied by Mr. Dodge and Mr. Jay. We went together to the Secretary of War. He read the report carefully, and turning to these two gentlemen asked:

"What does General Wool want?"

"He wants your approval of this report," they replied.

The Secretary approved the report.

General Wool immediately issued to the department the following order, which defined the *status* of the negro, whether in military or civil service, and which practically, and in direct, immediate effect, emancipated the negroes sheltered in our lines at Fortress Monroe.

This was more than nine months previous to the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation by President Lincoln, and was a general order of emancipation without condition.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA.

FORT MONROE, VA., March 18. 1862.

General Order No. 22.

The Chiefs of the Engineers, Ordnance, Medical Subsistence, and Quartermaster's departments employing vagrants or persons known as "contrabands," by virtue of General Order No. 34, also all officers, sutlers, citizens, and others employing them by virtue of Special Order No. 72, will forthwith report the names of such vagrants or contrabands, together with the names of any heretofore employed by them, to Mr. Charles B. Wilder, who has been appointed to superintend all things relating to and necessary to their welfare and condition.

The Chiefs of the several departments will furnish to the Superintendent, Mr. Wilder, a statement of the amounts paid and the amounts remaining due to each person so employed by them under the following heads—viz:

1. Amounts earned by each.
2. Amounts paid in clothing to each.
3. Amounts paid in money to each.
4. Amounts earned for extra labor by each.
5. Amounts paid in money for extra labor to each.
6. Amounts due for extra labor to each.
7. Gross amounts due for monthly and extra labor to March 15th, 1862, inclusive.

In addition to which a return will be made embracing all labor performed by contrabands in the several departments anterior to Special Order No. 72 and General Order No. 34, and the amounts, if any, paid to them during the same.

Special Order No. 72 and General Order No. 34 are hereby revoked, to take effect on and after March 15th, 1862. Hereafter all wages earned by persons of African blood in this department will be paid to them for their own use and support, under such regulations as may be devised by the Superintendent, prices to be determined by individual skill, industry, and ability, and regulated by the standard usual in such cases which may govern the several departments of the army at or near Fort Monroe. As a part of the compensation each laborer will receive one ration per day and quarters until otherwise ordered.

The fund raised by Special Order No. 72 and General Order No. 34, in the hands of Captain Talmadge or any other person, for the support of the poor and needy of the so-called "contrabands," will be used for that purpose, or any other purpose which may be necessary for their benefit or comfort, under the direction of the Superintendent, with discretionary powers, but subject to the approval of the military commander of the department.

(Signed)

JOHN E. WOOL,
Major-General.

Mr. Charles B. Wilder, who was appointed in the foregoing order as Superintendent of the negroes, was an abolitionist and a philanthropist, who had come down to Fort Monroe to look into the condition of the fugitive slaves. He was induced to accept this position, to take full charge and have the entire care of the negroes and was made Quartermaster, with the rank of Captain.

The immediate result of the order adopted through our report was the dismissal of all the white stevedores at Fort Monroe. About three hundred and fifty negroes, mostly field hands, were detailed to take the place of the stevedores and to do other civil work about the post.

Two years after the inauguration of this new *regime* I received the following letter from Captain Wilder:

FORT MONROE, VA., March 14, 1864.

Colonel Cannon:

DEAR SIR: Having twice failed to see you when passing through New York, I take this method of expressing to you my most sincere

thanks for the stand you so successfully took and carried through in the report made to General Wool, and which was approved by him, the Secretary of War, and Congress, and made the basis of nearly all our operations from the day to this in regard to the condition and rights of the colored people in this department. The position you took was in advance of public sentiment and the age, and is now being acted upon "without let or hindrance." Under General Butler we are getting on very successfully. All opposers of any kind have been removed. We have had several investigating committees from Washington and elsewhere, and all agree that, notwithstanding the opposition of enemies, the condition of the contrabands here is better than in any other department within their knowledge. The army has taken off nearly all our able-bodied men, and all others we are getting on to rebel plantations, and soon expect they will become self-supporting.

I have the honor to be, Colonel,

Yours very truly,

C. B. WILDER,

Captain and A. Q. M.

(To be continued)



A DINNER PARTY IN GENEVA

MANY years ago the late Hans Christian Andersen wrote a little book entitled "A Picture Book without Pictures." This paper may be called "a Genevese dinner party without Genevese," and it will lose nothing in interest by the change, for, when Voltaire was asked if the Genevese were not dull, he replied, "Yes, especially when they amuse themselves." I might also call it "a dinner party in Geneva to Charles Francis Adams," and that title will more fully explain its place and its purpose.

The tribunal to adjudicate the claims of the United States against Great Britain by reason of the activities of the *Alabama* under the Confederate flag had closed its sessions. The parti-colored janitor in his mediæval costume of red and yellow, across which was drawn the half-eagle half-key of the former republic, now canton, with its encouraging motto, *Post tenebras Lux*, had for the last time turned the key of the Hotel de Ville upon the arbitrators and counsel. Of them all, even including the portly and magniloquent president, Count Sclopis, the central figure had been, and in history always will be, the American arbitrator, Mr. Adams. Of this tribunal an able writer upon international law has said that "whether measured by the gravity of the questions involved or by the enlightened and magnanimous statesmanship which conducted it to a peaceful determination, it has been justly regarded as the greatest which the world has ever seen."

Although this is literally true, it is also true that there are few persons not students of political history, in or out of college, who could tell when the tribunal met, who composed it, or what amount of money was awarded by it to one of the contesting parties. I have, therefore, chosen to speak of it through its leading character because I was in Geneva during its sessions, enjoyed the acquaintance and to some extent the intimacy of the Americans engaged in it, and was present at the final session when the award was made public.

I have chosen for its second title the name, *clarum et venerabile*, of the American arbitrator, to whose tact it was due that the court did not break up before its sessions really began, whose position as judge was marked by a dignified impartiality, and of whom it was officially declared that "his love of country never controlled his sense of justice."

and who, when his duties were accomplished, received the thanks of both contending Governments. I am the more impelled to do this because I have heard intelligent men speak of Mr. Adams when our Minister to England as merely the mouthpiece of Secretary Seward, acting, therefore, as a stenographer might in reading dispatches addressed from Washington to the Foreign Secretary, Earl Russell. I hope shortly to dispel that error.

It would lead us too far a-field to review at length the service which Mr. Adams rendered his country in London, but in every respect which makes a man a diplomatist, it may be doubted whether a similar service could have been performed by any other statesman. Speaking positively, it may be asserted that Mr. Adams was exactly the man whom the occasion called for. When the Englishman was cold and reserved, Mr. Adams was a little colder and more reserved. In all his diplomatic bouts with Lords Palmerston and Russell Mr. Adams never lost his temper, which during the Trent affair, the proposed acknowledgment of the Southern Confederacy, or the building of the rebel cruisers would have produced war. That we did not resort to war is largely due to him, as is seen from his despatch in regard to the departure of the two ironclads built by Laird, of Liverpool, after the departure of the *Alabama*, with which neither steam wooden vessels nor the monitors of 1863 could have coped.

Mr. Adams forced upon the British secretary's notice, the intended purpose of these cruisers, to which Earl Russell replied that Her Majesty's Government "cannot interfere with these vessels (built ostensibly for Chili, or some other neutral power)." In his diary, Mr. Adams declared that he "clearly foresaw that a collision must now come out of it. The prospect is dark for poor America." After a sleepless night, he resolved to send another note to Russell, in which he said that the British policy would give the Confederates free liberty of attacking all the cities of the North, and raising the blockade. Then followed this memorable sentence, certainly not inspired by, nor dictated from, Washington: "It would be superfluous in me to point out Your Lordship that this is war." As a result of this note, the action of the Government was reversed, the vessels were permanently detained, no more cruisers were built in or left British ports.

Truly could Mr. Adams's most distinguished successor, James

President Lowell, less than twenty years later: "None of our generation is the less for 'soot-tinted' skin or more trying service than Mr. Adams in his private capacity in London." In that post he remained until 1868. He had by that time acquired a position never won by any of our previous ministers. He had gained the confidence of the British Government and the respect of the nation. The published correspondence with Earl Russell on the Alabama claims attracted great attention in Europe and America, and, subsequently, became the subject of historical case at Geneva.

Here, under the provisions of the Treaty of Washington, the Tribunal, to us, who have the claim of the United States against Great Britain for compensation against our commerce was constituted. Mr. Adams was naturally selected as our arbitrator, Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice of England, for Great Britain; Count Sciovis for Italy, Mr. Baumgarten for Switzerland, and Baron d'Itajuba, Minister to France, for Brazil. At the outset, the Tribunal was nearly wrecked by the insertion of the claim in the American case for damages due to the rise in marine insurance, diminution of our tonnage, the falling off of imports and exports, and, more than all, for the expense caused by the prolongation of the war. A storm arose in England, to which the Government and her agents were obliged to bow. Here Mr. Adams performed another great service to his country. Dismayed at the prospect, he returned from Geneva to Washington in February, 1872, consulted the Administration, and in the following June, when the Tribunal reassembled, proposed that the claims for indirect damages should be stricken from the case, as opposed to the principles of international law. The adoption of his proposition saved the court from dissolution, and it is for this reason that I call him, no matter who may have been the titular head, the central figure of the arbitration.

Of Mr. Adams, in his outward appearance during the sessions of the court, it may be said that he was in manner and demeanor a model arbitrator. He was then sixty-four years of age, quick of step, reserved in speech, outwardly cold, but always courteous. He took a house on the opposite side of the lake from the other members, and was never seen with the American counsel. He entered the Hotel de Ville alone, followed by his youngest son, who was his secretary. No other member of the court attracted the attention of tourists that was given to him, as he walked through the courtyard, casting a glance neither to the right

hand nor to the left, and in this curiosity to see the distinguished American, the English vied with the American strangers. None of the former ever asked to see Sir Alexander Cockburn. I doubt if any of them could have told who the British arbitrator was. Every one wished to see Mr. Adams, whose name was as familiar in England as in America.

I once, however, had a brief word with him. Telling him that some American paper had made a remark upon his availability as a Presidential candidate against Grant, to which he might like to reply, I offered him the hospitality of the newspaper which I represented. Touching me amicably upon the shoulder, for I had already made his acquaintance in London, he said: "No; the best way to answer such things is to say nothing about them, and they will soon be forgotten." I fancy that he had more than once acted upon that principle.

During the following sessions of the Tribunal the senior British counsel, Sir Roundell Palmer, was raised to the woolsack as Lord High Chancellor of England, with the title of Earl of Selborne. Some time after his death four volumes of his autobiography were published, and, from the chapter on the Geneva Arbitration, it may be interesting to see ourselves as others saw us, or as Lord Selborne saw Mr. Adams, whom he had known well in London. He spoke of him as "a shrewd, sagacious man, with perfect command of a temper naturally warm; not loquacious, keeping his own counsel; too honorable to go to lengths repugnant to his sense of fair dealing, even for his country; but too much identified from the first with the diplomatic presentation and advocacy of its claims to make it possible that he could examine them with a dispassionate mind. (I will here remark that on one occasion Mr. Adams voted against the United States, leaving Mr. Staempfli our sole supporter.) The part which he took in getting rid of the indirect claims was not less politic than honorable. I have no doubt that it gave him influence with the three independent arbitrators, which his coolness and address afterwards increased. While Sir Alexander Cockburn (a perfect master of the French language) was pouring eloquent French into the ears of his colleagues, Mr. Adams was studying the temper of their minds. . . . It is probable that, from the moment the indirect claims were disposed of, there was a predisposition on the part of the independent arbitrators to make compensation in some way for that failure, and, if that was so, Mr. Adams understood how to take advantage of it."

Selborne says that Cockburn allowed his discontent at the manner in which the other arbitrators, overruling his opinion, conducted their proceedings, to appear too plainly, and, by so doing, threw more power into Mr. Adams's hands. Count Sclopis, the president, did not give him the impression of a strong man. He calls him well-bred and rhetorical, and "too demonstrative in his courtesies (it would be a pity to let die so delicious an Anglicism). Staempfli was an abler and a different sort of man, short of stature, rough and homely in manners, with a dark and gloomy countenance, in which resolution and force of will were plainly written. D'Itajuba was a small man, not learned, but altogether a gentleman. Selborne calls him the fairest of the three, and says that he entered upon the arbitration as if there were no serious question except the amount which Great Britain ought to pay, and this we need not care much about; 'You are rich, very rich,' he said."

Of the counsel, agents, etc., of our Government, he spoke with more severity, except in the case of Mr. Evarts. Him he called "keen and high-minded, in person spare, in countenance refined and intellectual, in conversation sincere and candid; with a good deal of dry humor, he stood very high in the estimation of us all, and not least in my own. I could have trusted him implicitly in anything in which I had to deal with him alone. He was a good lawyer and a skilful advocate, and had also the qualities of a statesman; his manners were simple, and, in his domestic relations, was very happy. Altogether, he was a man of whom any country might be proud." Mr. Waite he dismisses as a commonplace, honest man, with nothing remarkable about him, and he does not in this place even mention Gen. Cushing, the senior counsel for the United States.

Appended to this chapter is an acrostic, after the manner of "A was an Archer, and shot at a frog," with the composition of which Lord Selborne engaged his lighter moments. It begins, naturally, with Mr. Adams:

A stands for a cool and long-headed man.
Now judge of the claims he himself first began.

As for D'Itajuba:

If not profound,
He's a good and true gentleman, honest and sound;

while Sclopis is

Persona verbosa et grandis, only Latin can do him;

and Staempfli:

A judge of dark countenance, swarthy and stern,
Strong of will, but with some jurisprudence to learn.

The United States is

A nation, our kinsmen, with whom, if they'll let us,
We would gladly be friends, though they sometimes do fret us.

The opinion his lordship expressed of Mr. Staempfli was an echo of the outrageous treatment of the Swiss arbitrator by his British colleague. The latter seemed to have a special grudge against the Swiss lawyer-banker, because his country had no seaboard, no navy (except, it might be suggested, in Offenbach's "La Vie Parisienne," where a "Swiss admiral" is one of the characters), no high court of admiralty. "What," he said, "could a Swiss arbitrator know of the duties of neutrals in ports or on the high seas? What knowledge of international law, that he should presume to entertain an opinion on the cause of Great Britain against a friendly Power?"

And so through this memorable summer the peppery Chief Justice made it very uncomfortable for the Bernese statesman and ex-President of the Swiss Confederation, who never yielded a jot. But the Lord Chief Justice was himself not any too familiar with admiralty law, which was not practiced in his court, and, having undertaken to interrupt Mr. Evarts when the latter was arguing upon the "due diligence" to be shown by a neutral in preventing the fitting out of cruisers against a friendly Power, and being ignorant that "to think upon his feet" was one of Mr. Evarts's strong points, received such a reply that caused him to let Mr. Evarts severely alone during the rest of the Court's existence.

A few evenings after the final session, which gave a decision of fifteen and a half-million dollars to the United States, I attended a dinner given by an American banker in Geneva to Mr. Adams. Next him sat the Hon. Austin Kinnaird, M. P., for Perth, now still living as Lord Kinnaird. He was in Geneva attending a meeting of the Christian Alliance. As the dinner went on, the genial Scotchman became so enthusiastic over the settlement of our international differences that he actually slapped Mr. Adams on the back! At sight of so audacious a familiarity,

There was silence deep as death,
And the stoutest held his breath
For a time.

Nothing could exceed, however, the amiability with which Mr. Adams received this most unusual and unexpected accolade. After general equanimity had been restored, Mr. Kinnaird asked Mr. Adams: "Can you tell us, Sir, why our (the British) government showed such partiality to the South during your Civil War?" to which Mr. Adams replied, that when he presented his letter of recall in 1868, and their official business was concluded, they sat chatting on indifferent matters. Mr. Adams in the course of this conversation said: "Now that I am going home, I should like to understand the reason of the conduct of Great Britain towards the United States during our war." To which Earl Russell laughingly replied: "Oh, Edward Ellice told us all that the South was sure to win, and we supposed that he knew."

Edward Ellice, then an old man, was a Whig politician, related to all the great Whig families, like the Russells, and a violent Southern partisan. The answer was only important as admitting, what was generally understood, the strong and unfriendly bias of the British cabinet against the Washington Government and on what slight foundation the action of governments may be based. Thus, it will be remembered that, in 1862, Mr. Gladstone, then chancellor of the exchequer, made his celebrated statement at Newcastle, that Jefferson Davis had "made an army, a navy, and, more than all had made a nation." It is said that Lord Palmerston resented a subordinate member of the cabinet speaking for the ministry, and therefore refused to entertain the Emperor Napoleon Third's proposal of a joint recognition of the Southern Confederacy. Upon so slight a hinge hung our destinies.

Mr. Adams returned to Boston in 1872, and died there in 1886, without re-entering public life. As the stranger enters the vestibule of the Boston *Athenæum*, he will see, under the full length portraits of Marshall and Webster, his bust by Story, upon the base of which might have been carved the simple words of an English poet, "Serene amidst alarms."

S. ARTHUR BENT.

Evening Post, N. Y.

GENERAL SIMON BERNARD

NEARLY a hundred years ago, when America was rankling with the humiliation of the second war with England, relieved only by the brilliant campaign of Jackson, the President advised our representative in Paris to secure the services of an eminent military engineer to supervise the fortification of our coast. Paris was filled with French officers without employment by reason of the final downfall of Napoleon at Waterloo. On looking over the field of experienced officers our representative had the good fortune to encounter Gen. Simon Bernard at a moment when he had been warned by the French Minister of War that for his personal safety he, Bernard, should quit France without delay. Bernard's reputation as a military engineer was of so high an order that his services were eagerly sought by several European governments, and most flattering offers were tendered to him, all of which he declined in order to follow the example of Lafayette, Rochambeau, du Portail and other gallant Frenchmen who had gone to aid America in the Revolution. The life story of this modest and unassuming gentleman, whose services to both America and France were of the highest character, reads like a veritable romance.

Simon Bernard was born at Dôle, France, the 22d of April, 1779. He was educated at the Polytechnic School and entered the French Engineers when all Europe was an armed camp. The Napoleonic era was filled with strenuous life for the men with the colors, and the young engineer participated in many stirring campaigns, winning always the highest commendation of his superior officers. He was present and led the assault on Ivre in 1800, being at the time only twenty-one years of age. During the celebrated siege of Torgau, notwithstanding his youth, he superintended the defenses for three months.*

*The French War Ministry has very kindly furnished for this sketch the following from the official records:

Baron Bernard (Simon). Born the 22d of April, 1779, at Dôle (Jura). Married the 10th of March, 1809, to Marie Anne Josephine Jeanne Nepomucene Barbe Crescence de Lerchenfeld. (Marriage license of 7th of February, 1809.)

Sub-Lieutenant student at the Engineer School 21st December, 1796. First Lieutenant 24th December, 1797. Captain 22d March, 1800. Battalion Chief 26th December, 1809. Major 3d August, 1811 (Lieutenant-Colonel). Colonel and Aide to Emperor 21st January, 1813. Field-Marshal 23d July, 1814. In the service of the United States by authority of 2d September, 1816. Returned to active service in the Corps of Engineers 12th February, 1831. Included in the active cadre of the General Staff 22d March, 1831. Lieutenant-General 15th

To follow the fortunes of this distinguished officer leads one from the modest dormitory of the cadet to the palace of the Emperor at the height of his glory. It was Bernard's ability and professional accomplishments which caused his services to be always in demand, yet environment and opportunity played their usual part. Bourrienne, at one time private secretary of Napoleon, in his memoirs, describes how young Bernard first came under the notice of Napoleon:

"At the commencement of the campaign of Austerlitz a circumstance occurred from which is to be dated the future of a very meritorious man. While the Emperor was at Strasburg he asked General Marescot, the commander-in-chief of the engineers, whether he could recommend from his corps a brave, prudent and intelligent young officer, capable of being intrusted with an important reconnoitering mission. The officer selected by General Marescot was a captain in the Engineers named Bernard, who had been educated in the Polytechnic School.* Bernard set off on his mission, advanced almost to Vienna and returned to the headquarters of Ulm. Bonaparte interrogated him himself, and was well satisfied with his replies; but not content with answering verbally the questions put by Napoleon, Captain Bernard had drawn up a report of what he had observed and the different routes which might be taken. Among other things he observed that it would be a great advantage to direct the whole army upon Vienna, without regard to the fortified places; for that, once master of the capital of Austria, the Emperor might dictate laws to all the Austrian monarchy. 'I was present,' said Rapp (then and for a long time previously one of

October, 1831. Aide-de-Camp to the King 20th April, 1832. Inspector-General of Engineers 1834. Member of the Committee on Fortifications 29th October, 1834. Minister of War 10-18 November, 1834. Inspector-General of Engineers 26th June, 1835. Member of the Committee on Fortifications January 1-June 29, 1836. Minister of War 6th September, 1836. Resumed his duties as Aide-de-Camp to the King 31st March, 1839. Member of the Committee on Fortifications 30th April, 1839. Duty at Paris 9 November, 1839.

Campaigns.—Year VII, army of the line, blockade and bombardment of Phillipsbourg, affair at the entrenched camp at Manheim; year VIII, reserve army assault of Ivre, where he was the first to enter, attack of the Roman bridge, Battle of Montebello; years IX and X, Army of Italy, passage of the Mincio, siege of Porto-Ferrajo; years XII and XIII, army of the ocean coasts (cotes de l'Ocean); Vendemaire year XIV, grand army; 1806 and 1807, army of Dalmatia; engagement of Castel Nuovo, Italy and Dalmatia; 1809 and 1810, army of Brabant; 1811 to 1814, defense of Antwerp and grand army; 1815 army of the north.

Wounds.—His left arm was pierced by a ball at the engagement of the entrenched camp of Manheim in the year VII; slightly wounded in the passage of the Mincio.

Decorations.—Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 14th June, 1804; Officer of the Legion of Honor, 24th October, 1813; Commander of the Legion of Honor, 26th May, 1832; Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, 18th February, 1836; Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, 9th March 1839; Chevalier of Saint Louis, 20th August, 1814.

Napoleon's aides), 'at this young officer's interview with the Emperor. After reading the report, would you believe that the Emperor flew into a furious passion? "How!" cried he, "You are very bold, very presumptuous! A young officer to take the liberty of tracing out a plan of campaign for me! Begone, and await my orders.' "

"Rapp told me that as soon as the young officer had left the Emperor all at once changed his tone. 'That,' said he, 'is a very clever young man; he has taken a proper view of things. I shall not expose him to the chances of being shot. Perhaps I shall some time want his services. Tell Berthier to dispatch an order for his departure for Illyria.' This order was dispatched, and Captain Bernard, who, like his comrades, was ardently looking forward to the approaching campaign, regarded as a punishment what was on the Emperor's part a precaution to preserve a young man whose merit he appreciated. At the close of the campaign, when the Emperor promoted those who had distinguished themselves, Bernard, who was thought to be in disgrace, was not included in Berthier's list among the captains of engineers whom he commended to the rank of Chef de Bataillon, but Napoleon himself inscribed Bernard's name above all the rest. However, the Emperor forgot him for some time; and it was only an accidental circumstance that brought him to his recollection. I never had any personal acquaintance with Bernard, but I learned from Rapp how he afterward became his colleague as aide-de-camp to the Emperor, a circumstance which I shall now relate, though it refers to a later period.

"Before the Emperor left Paris for the campaign of 1812 he wished to gain precise information respecting Ragusa and Illyria. He sent for Marmont, but was not satisfied with his answers. He then interrogated several other generals, but the result of his inquiries always was: 'This is all very well, but it is not what I want. I do not know Ragusa.' He then sent for General De Jean, who had succeeded Marescot as first inspector of engineers. 'Have you anyone among your officers,' he asked, 'who is well acquainted with Ragusa?' De Jean, after a little reflection, replied, 'Sire, there is a Chef de Bataillon who has been a long time forgotten, but who knows Illyria perfectly.' 'What's his name?' 'Bernard.' 'Ah, stop—Bernard! I remember that name. Where is he?' 'At Antwerp, sire, employed on the fortifications.' 'Let a dispatch be immediately transmitted, desiring him to mount his horse and come with all speed to Paris.'

"A few days after Captain Bernard was in the Emperor's cabinet in Paris. Napoleon received him very graciously. The first thing he said was, 'Talk to me about Ragusa.' This was a favorite mode of interrogation with him in similar cases, and I have heard him say it was a sure way of drawing out all that a man had observed in any country that he had visited. Be that as it may, he was perfectly satisfied with M. Bernard's information respecting Illyria, and when the Chef de Bataillon had finished speaking Napoleon said, 'Colonel Bernard, I am now acquainted with Ragusa.' The Emperor afterwards conversed familiarly with him, entered into details respecting the system of fortifications adopted in Antwerp, referred to the plan of the works, criticized it and showed how he would, if he besieged the town, render the means of defense unavailing. The new colonel explained so well how he would defend the town against the Emperor's attack that Bonaparte was delighted, and immediately bestowed upon the young officer a mark of distinction, which, so far as I know, he never granted but upon that single occasion. The Emperor was going to preside at the Council of State and desired Colonel Bernard to accompany him, and many times during the sittings he asked him for his opinion upon the points which were under discussion. On leaving the council Napoleon said, 'Bernard, you are in future my aide-de-camp.' "

As shown by the records of the War Ministry, Bernard rose through the various grades to that of field marshal of France in 1814. After Napoleon's retirement to Elba General Bernard gave adherence to Louis XVIII and was appointed a brigadier-general. Upon Napoleon's quitting Elba he again joined his standard and fought with his beloved Emperor at Waterloo. This was to be expected of an aide-de-camp, and Louis XVIII forgave him, and again permitted him to enter the service of the King, but having received the warning of the Minister of War to depart, he gathered together his collection of engineering plans and data, unequaled in all Europe, and sailed for America.

Under the authority already conferred by Congress, President Monroe, on November 16, 1816, commissioned Bernard to be "an assistant in the Corps of Engineers of the United States, with the rank of brigadier-general by brevet and the compensation that is or may be allowed to the chief of that corps."

The original appointment of General Bernard in the United States Army was specially authorized by Congress and therefore no nomina-

tion was sent to the Senate. His name was not borne on the army register, but in the General Orders of May 17, 1821, his name appears next to that of General Alexander Macomb, Chief of Engineers, as "Assistant Engineer, 16th of November, 1816, Brigadier-General, Brevet."

In a letter dated December 14, 1816, addressed to Major-General Andrew Jackson, at Nashville, Tenn., President James Monroe recited some of the conditions and manner of employment of General Bernard:

" * * * On the subject of fortifications or works of defense of the coasts and frontiers, an arrangement has lately been made by the President, with which I wish you to be well acquainted. You have heretofore, I presume, been apprised that General Bernard, of the French Corps of Engineers, under the recommendation of General Lafayette and many others of great distinction in France, had offered his services to the United States, and that the President had been authorized by a resolution of Congress to accept them, confining his rank to the grade of the chief of our corps. This resolution being communicated to General Bernard by the late Secretary of War, to whom he was known, he came over in compliance with the invitation which accompanied it. From Mr. Gallatin he brought letters stating that he was the seventh in rank in the corps, and inferior to none in reputation and talents, if not the first. It required much delicacy in the arrangement to take advantage of this knowledge and experience in a manner acceptable to himself, without wounding the feelings of the officers of our own corps, who had rendered such useful services, and were entitled to the confidence and protection of their country. The arrangement adopted will, I think, accomplish fully both objects.

"The President has instituted a board of officers, to consist of five members, two of high rank in the corps, General Bernard, the engineer at each station (young Gadsden, for example, at New Orleans), and the naval officer commanding there, whose duty it is made to examine the whole coast and report such works as are necessary for its defense to the chief engineer, who shall report the same to the Secretary of War, with his remarks, to be laid before the President. McRee and Totten are spoken of for the two first who, with General Bernard, will continue till the service is performed; the two latter will change with the station. The general commanding each division will be officially apprised of this engagement, and that he may be present when he pleases, and give such aid as he may think fit. The attention of the board will be directed to the inland frontiers likewise. In this way it is thought that the feelings of no one can be hurt. We shall have four of our officers in every consultation against one foreigner, so that if the opinion of the latter becomes of an essential use, it must be by convincing his colleagues when they differ that he has reason on his side. I have seen General Bernard, and find him a modest unassuming man, who preferred our country, in the present state of France, to any in Europe, in some of which he was offered employment, and in any of which he may probably have found it. He understands that he is never to have command of the corps, but will always rank second in it. * * *"

On the day that General Bernard's commission was signed a board of engineers was established, of which he was the senior member during its many years of existence. The duties of this board were to consider all fortifications completed or under construction, then to select sites and make plans for all new works. At its very inception it was provided that: "At those places where naval can come in aid of land defenses the board shall call upon the naval officer who shall have been assigned by the Secretary of the Navy to co-operate with the board at that station, and who during that co-operation shall be a member of the board."

As if to compensate for former apathy, there was now feverish haste to undertake extensive coast defense fortifications. Within ten days the board proceeded to the northern frontier and began operations at Rouse's Point, later going to locate the defenses of the Delaware River, and early in the following year the defenses of Mobile Bay and in the vicinity of New Orleans. General Bernard's next—and among his most valuable—service was as a member of the commission to survey Hampton Roads, York River, and other places in Chesapeake Bay, with a view to selection of a naval depot and to plan a system of defense. The commission recommended two naval depots, one at Burwell's Bay on the James and the other at Gosport, with fortifications at Hampton Roads, St. Mary's Elizabeth River and Baltimore. As a general proposition resulting from an extended study the following year (1819) of the coast from Cape Hatteras to the St. Croix River, the commissioners recommended "that Hampton Roads in the south and Boston in the north should be fortified and organized as great naval and military rendezvous, and Narragansett Bay between them as an occasional rendezvous."

His reconnaissances and plans included not only our entire Atlantic and Gulf Coast defenses, but the system of national roads, the improvement of interior waterways and a large part of the canal systems which were eventually constructed. Although objected to by his *confrères* on account of their extent, his plans were used in the construction of Fort Monroe, about the only one of the old casemated fortresses, with moat and drawbridges, posterns and sallyports now garrisoned by United States troops. Few of the multitudes of officers, soldiers and civilians who for nearly a century have threaded their way about the ramparts of this fine example of old French fortification have ever heard of the distinguished exile who so generously gave his talents to the Republic.

The board of which General Bernard was president and the most influential member prepared the project of practically every fortification from Maine to Texas and the surveys and reports on the proposed Dismal Swamp, the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Lake Erie and Ohio, the Alleghany and the Susquehanna, the Susquehanna and Schuylkill, the Delaware and Raritan, the Buzzard's and Barnstable Bay and the Narragansett and Boston Harbor canals, and a canal across Florida connecting the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico. Their inspections and reports on the improvements of the Ohio, Tennessee, Mississippi and other

streams involved an amount of personal work in the span of fifteen years, that with the then means of travel would seem an impossible task.

In view of the efforts of the past few years to adjust our army to the changed conditions following the war with Spain it is interesting to read some of General Bernard's reports, particularly one made in December, 1818, on the Military Academy at West Point, in which he stated his views:

"1. That elementary schools are necessary to supply the wants of the army and for the instruction of the militia.

"2. That the elementary schools for the army and those for the use of the militia should be distinct from each other.

"3. That several elementary schools are necessary for the instruction of the militia.

"4. That one elementary school will, in any case at all times, be necessary to supply the candidates for the engineers and artillery, and that in time the same school will be adequate to supply vacancies of the army generally.

"5. That a school of application is necessary for the engineers and artillery departments."

For fifteen years General Bernard had devoted himself to the important duties devolving upon him in the United States Corps of Engineers, when the revolution of 1830 again opened the way for his return to his native land. In a letter dated Washington, July 11, 1831, he informed General Gratiot, Chief of Engineers, that the President "has deigned to accept with a noble and generous kindness" his resignation. It requires little imagination to picture the feelings of this high-minded and talented officer upon finally quitting the friendly shores which had furnished him not only asylum, but a generous opportunity to display his professional ability in the service of a republic which the great Lafayette had deemed it an honor to serve.

The War Ministry record of France had carried General Bernard during sixteen years as absent, "In the service of the United States by authority of 2d September, 1816," and upon his withdrawal from the American service he was restored to the Corps of Engineers and included in the General Staff of France. Upon his arrival in France he was promoted to the grade of lieutenant-general and soon after his appointment as aide-de-camp to King Louis Philippe was announced. General Ber-

nard became inspector-general of engineers in 1834 and was Minister of War of France from 1836 to 1839. Prior to his death in Paris, November 5, 1839, he was raised to the French peerage with the title of baron. Upon the receipt in the United States of a letter from his son containing the news of his death, the President caused the following order to be issued January 8, 1840:

"The President, participating in the sincere grief felt for the death of General Bernard by the officers of the army with whom he was so long associated in the performance of important military duties, and desirous of evincing a proper respect, both for his eminent services to this country and for his virtues as a man, directs that the officers of the army wear the usual military mourning for the space of thirty days from the date of this order."

This, in brief, is the life story of an educated and talented soldier, recognized as the ablest engineer of his generation, who, having served the Emperor until the pall of Waterloo settled over France, declined brilliant offers of employment from European sovereigns and accepted service in the army of the United States. His training and engineering skill were of great moment to the nation when West Point, the Alma Mater of military engineering in America, was yet in its swaddling clothes. His earlier European experiences in campaign and battle were tinged with brilliancy and romance, but his genius laid the foundation of constructive work in America which will live and be builded upon for the benefit of mankind long after the stories of his battles have lost their power to quicken the pulse of a prosaic age.

WILLIAM H. CARTER, U. S. A.

Journal of the Military Service Institution, N. Y.

MINOR TOPICS

A CITY OF REAL ROMANCE

I have been much interested in looking up the history of the followers of Napoleon who settled in Alabama early in the last century, and it has occurred to me that the readers of our newspapers might be interested in a brief account of one of the most romantic attempts at colonization made in the Southeastern States.

The location of this colony was in what is now the fertile and prosperous region in southwest Alabama of which the thriving city of Demopolis is the centre.

For pioneer romance, hardship and misfortune which later gave place to a cultured and wealthy ante-bellum civilization and present day prosperity and development, that region enjoys a historic interest unique in American annals.

In the early history of this great agricultural country—then dense forest and wild canebrake—are woven the names of men and women who had played conspicuous parts in the greatest drama of war and nations the world has ever seen.

The colony was founded by between three and four hundred followers of Napoleon, who had been exiled by the Bourbons after their restoration. On March 4, 1817, Congress gave the exiles, then gathered in Philadelphia, a grant of four townships at \$2 per acre, on fourteen years' time, on condition that they cultivate the vine and the olive. From the outset the colony seemed doomed to misfortune.

No people were braver. They dined and danced in their log huts, but in ten years disastrous effort had driven most of the colony away. A single olive tree in Demopolis and a grapevine or two near Greensboro mark the places they left. Demopolis—city of the people—the name given the new settlement by the exiles from Bourbon rule, and Marengo, the name given the county in which it lies, in honor of one of Napoleon's great victories, together with a few French names, borne by the descendants of those who remained, serve to show today that the country was once peopled by sons and daughters of France.

As the colony began to disintegrate American settlers moved in, many honorably buying the colonists' grants for fair consideration. Among them were cultured and talented young men, who not only

cleared the land and put vast areas under cultivation but established a civilization of the highest class. The land on which the French had labored so vainly to grow the vine and the olive responded bountifully to the Southern cotton planter, and by 1850 had become one vast area of plantations, penetrated by numerous broad roads, and inhabited by thousands of happy and industrious people, living on estates maintained in highest cultivation. In the midst of this civilization there arose many stately homes, among them being some of the handsomest mansions of the South.

W. W. FINLEY.

Telegraph, N. Y.

COLERIDGE AND THE SUSQUEHANNA

What suggested to Coleridge and Southee their project of establishing a colony in America, and why did they choose the banks of the Susquehanna as its site? I am not aware that a satisfactory answer has ever been given to the first of these questions, and delightful as is the guess that they picked out the name "Susquehanna" because of its musical sound, I feel that a weightier reason must have moved the young adventurers. They were very much in earnest, and were trying with all their might to be practical men.

It seems to me probable that they had heard of a French settlement whose brief annals make one of the most romantic minor incidents in American history.

As early as 1792, French *émigrés*, among whom were several nobles and high ecclesiastics, sought refuge in Philadelphia from the dangers of the Revolution. They appear to have been guided thither by officers of the royal army, who had served in America under Lafayette. In 1793 negotiations were begun with Robert Morris and John Nicholson for the purchase of a vast tract of land in what is now Bradford County, Pa., and on April 22, 1794, the Asylum Company was formed. Broad streets were laid out, and thirty dwelling houses, a church, and a theatre were erected on the banks of the Susquehanna, one hundred and eighty miles northwest of Philadelphia, in an almost unbroken wilderness. There is a tradition that the aristocrats who composed the colony hoped at one time to welcome exiled royalty and hatch a counter-revolution. But their little Coblenz was doomed to swift decay, and the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, who visited Asylum about two years after

its establishment, found it already moribund. Its history is recorded in full in Mrs. Louise Welles Murray's "The Story of Some French Refugees and Their Azilum," 1903, and ably summarized in J. G. Rosen-garten's "French Colonists and Exiles in the United States," 1907.

Of course Coleridge and Southey may have heard of this colony in more than one way, but it is almost certain that they saw the following notice, which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1795, and it would be quite enough to inflame their imaginations:

There is a colony established not far from the Susquehanna River, in America, by a class of wealthy Frenchmen, who formerly distinguished themselves in the Constituent Assembly of France, but were prudent enough to retire in time with their families and property; among these are Noailles, Talon, Blacon, Talleyrand, and others of the *ci-devant* Noblesse: they have relinquished their titles, and have domesticated here in the most social manner. Their little settlement is called French Town. The tavern is kept by an officer, who was formerly le Baron Beaulieu!

French Town was Asylum; the persons mentioned in the above notice, and several others once prominent in the church, the army, and the court of old France, were among its founders; their records in that capacity have been preserved.

It is not unlikely that the removal of Dr. Priestley to Northumberland, Pa., also on the Susquehanna, imparted fresh glamour to the name. After 1791, when the Birmingham mob burned his house and destroyed his books, manuscripts, and instruments, Priestley was, more than ever, an object of enthusiastic admiration to progressive young men. And as a Unitarian preacher himself, Coleridge felt a more than common interest in Priestley's emigration and in the beautiful river over whose waters this bright lamp of reason now cast his ray.

GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

RELICS OF WASHINGTON

Pay Director R. T. Mason Ball, U. S. N., of Baltimore, Md., has recently deposited in the United States Museum a number of relics of the Washington and Ball families, some of them dating as far back as

the French and Indian War, and all of considerable historical value. These objects were formerly owned by Pay Director Ball's father, the late George Washington Ball, grandson of Frances Thornton Washington, daughter of Charles Washington, the youngest brother of George, and have been retained in the possession of a direct descendant of Mary Ball, the mother of George Washington, up to the present time. They are as follows:

A pair of gold wire epaulets, of antique design, wore by George Washington as colonel during the French and Indian War of 1754-1763, notably throughout the Braddock campaign in 1755.

A single epaulet worn during the War of the Revolution and a white leather Masonic apron of that period, decorated with Masonic insignia in gold, both owned by Lieutenant Colonel Burges Ball of the Continental Army, a third cousin of General Washington (nephew by marriage), and for a time volunteer aide on his staff.

A snuffbox of highly polished hardwood, bearing the portrait of Lafayette, presented to him by American admirers on the occasion of his visit to the United States in 1824, and in turn presented by him to his godson, Fayette Ball, father of George Washington Ball, on the occasion of Lafayette's visit at the Ball home in Loudoun County, Virginia.

One of the most interesting objects in the collection is an antique mourning brooch of gold, worn by Mary Ball. This is one of the few authentic relics of Washington's mother extant, and is the property of Pay Director Ball and his four sisters.

Among other objects in the collection is an old-fashioned Bible cover of tapestry, used to cover the family Bible of Frances Thornton Washington, niece of George Washington and wife of Colonel Burges Ball; a fragment of crepe from the door of Mount Vernon on the occasion of George Washington's funeral, and a fragment of yellow silk ribbon attached to the flagstaff carried by Washington's body-guard on that occasion. The collection also includes a small piece of crimson cloth from the flag carried by the Continental forces under the command of Colonel Burges Ball during the War of the Revolution, and an impression in crimson wax showing the crest of Joseph Ball of "Epping Forest," grandfather of George Washington.

Transcript, Boston.

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK
CHAPTER XXXI (*Concluded*)

THE CONSPIRATORS

IT IS astonishing how invariably the success of an individual, whether in good or evil undertakings, affects his character with the vulgar; a term which, both in its conventional as well as its primitive sense, includes, perhaps, the majority of mankind. Certain it is, that, in this instance, the very associates and complotters of the prisoner, who but an hour before had hailed his appearance among them with such cordial greetings, now slunk from his side as if he had been a convicted felon. Indeed, some of the meaner minds present even attempted to conciliate the successful party by exhibiting the strongest signs of personal aversion to Bradshawe, and of course gratification at the mode in which his career seemed suddenly about to be brought to a close.

These miscreants were scattered among others of both parties who were collected in the hall and grouped around the open door of the apartment in which Bradshawe, guarded by a couple of sentinels, was pacing to and fro. And while Mr. Schoonmacker and others of the leading Tories in the opposite room were listening in dignified dejection to the measures which Greyslaer stated, in the most courteous terms, it was his painful duty to adopt in regard to them, their followers were exchanging tokens of recognition with old neighbors and former comrades of the opposite party.

"Jim, you've done the darn thing agin us to-night, and no mistake," said one. "But if the Injuns hadn't got as drunk as fiddlers, you couldn't have popped in upon us as you did."

The Congress soldier made no reply; but the demure gravity of him and his comrades did not prevent others of the Tory militia from attempting a conversation with them.

"Well, Mat," said a second, "if I'm to be taken by the Whigs, I'm only glad that you happened to come up from the fort along with them; for you are just the man to say a good word for an old friend. All this muss is of Wat Bradshawe's cooking."

"Yes," cried a third, "the friends of the king only met to drink his

health and have a little social junketing together; and if bully Bradshawe had not come among us, things would have gone off as quietly as possible. All the harm I wish him is, that he may get paid off for his old scrapes with a halter, and rid the country of such a pest; there's the affair, now, of old De Roos's daughter, for which he ought to have swung eight years since."

"Eight years!" rejoined the other. "No, the scrape you speak of is hardly a matter of six years by gone. But give the devil his due. The few folks that knowed of it talked hard about wild Wat for his share in that business. But things could not have gone so far, after all, or the Rooses would never have refused to appear against him, much less would the gal herself have rejected his offer when he wanted to make an honest woman of her."

Bradshawe betrayed no agitation during this discussion, which took place so near to him that, though the speakers lowered their voices somewhat, it must have been at least partially overheard by himself as well as by others. But when another of the rustic gossipers pointed significantly towards the room in which Major Greyslaer was engaged, while whispering that Miss De Roos had now "a real true love of her own, and no mistake," the features of the Tory captain writhed with an expression almost fiendish.

"Yes! I must live," he muttered internally. "I cannot, I will not die.—I have too many stakes yet in the game of life to have the cards dashed thus suddenly from my hands,—My scheme of existence is too intimately interwoven with that of others to stop here, and stop singly. I know, I feel that Alida's fate and that of this moonstruck boy is interwoven with mine.—I only can redeem her name, or blast it with utter infamy; and their peace or my revenge—whichever is ultimately to triumph—were both a nullity if I perish now." Alas! Walter Bradshawe, dost thou think that Providence hath but one mode of accomplishing its ends, if innocence is to be vindicated, and that only through so foul an instrument as thou?

Thus thought, or "thought he thought," this iron-hearted desperado. But there were other distracting feelings in his bosom which it were impossible for him to analyse. Though hatred had long since predominated over love in the warring passions of his stormy breast, yet that hatred was born only of the indignation and horror with which his at-

tempts to control Alida's inclinations had been received, and his admiration had increased from the very circumstances which chilled his love; but now the subtle workings of jealousy infused a new element among his conflicting passions, which quickened both love and hatred into a more poignant existence.

Few, even of the most ignoble natures, are *wholly* base; and Bradshawe, though he could not imagine, much less realise, one generous emotion that belongs to those dispositions which the world terms chivalrous, still possessed some of the qualities that keep a man from becoming despicable either to himself or to others. He had both bravery and ability, and he knew it. Incapable of one magnanimous thought, in *deed* he might still be great! And determined in purpose as he was loose in principle, he believed that he was a man born for the very time and country in which his lot was cast; for, regarding all others as senseless zealots, he deemed that every man of abilities engaged in the present political struggle was an adventurer like himself, having his own selfish views as the ultimate objects of his dangers and his toils.

If the aspiring aims, then, of a reckless ambition, backed by no ordinary talent and courage the most unflinching, can redeem from ignominy a mind otherwise contracted, coarse, and selfish, Bradshawe may be enrolled upon the same list with many a hero, not less mean of soul, whom the world has consented to admire; for the majority of mankind always look to the deeds of those who distinguish themselves beyond the herd, without much regard to the moral end which those deeds were intended to promote; and one brilliant invading campaign of Napoleon is more dazzling to the mind than the whole military career of **HIM** who fought only to preserve his country! whose Heaven-directed arms triumphed ultimately over thousands as brave as Walter Bradshawe in the field; whose godlike counsels discomfited thousands more gifted, if not more unprincipled, in the cabinet.

But, awarding whatever credit we may to Bradshawe for his aspirations after fame, let us leave him now to awaken from the vague dream which, almost unknown to himself, had at times passed through his brain—the dream of sharing his future renown with Alida; and, while wiping off, in honorable marriage, the reproach which he had attached to her name, of gratifying, at the last, the passion which was rooted in his heart. Let us leave the searching pang of jealousy to reveal to him first

the existence of this lingering touch of tenderness amid feelings which he himself thought had become only those of hatred. Let us leave him with that utter desolation of the heart's best earthly hope, which would prompt most men to welcome the grave upon whose brink he stood, but from which he, fired with a burning lust of vengeance, shrunk as from a dungeon where the plotting brain and relentless hand of malignity would lie helpless for ever.

How little they read the man who deemed that terror of his fate had stupefied him, when, obedient to the order of his captor, he moved off, with stolid and downcast, look amid the guard which conducted him to durance at the quarters of the patriots.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE FIELD OF ORISKANY

THE doom which Greyslaer had with military sternness predicted was formally, by a military court, pronounced upon Bradshawe that very night; but when the hour of execution arrived on the morrow events were at hand which, postponing it for the present, gave him in fact the advantages of an indefinite reprieve.

Some Continental officers, of a rank superior to that of the commandant, who arrived at Fort Dayton during the night, suggested doubts as to the policy of thus summarily executing martial law upon the prisoner. In the morning a message arrived from the beleaguered garrison of Fort Stanwix, urging the Whig forces to press forward to the scene of action and attempt raising the siege at once, or their succor would come too late to save their compatriots. All was then bustle and motion. The greater part of the troops at once hurried forward to join Herkimer's forces, which had already taken up their line of march for Oriskany, while a detachment was sent down the river to speed on those who still loitered on the road, to the border. When this last was about to depart, the opportunity was deemed a good one of getting rid of Bradshawe, by sending him to head-quarters at Albany, where his sentence could either be enforced or remitted as a higher military authority should decide; and he was accordingly marched off, strictly guarded by the detachment.

Of the use that Walter Bradshawe made of this reprieve to carry into effect his meditated vengeance against Alida and her lover, we shall see hereafter. We must now return to other personages of our story, who have been perhaps, too long forgotten.

It has been already incidentally mentioned that Brant and his followers were playing a conspicuous part in the bold invasion which now threatened to give the royalists possession of at least two-thirds of the fair province of New York, if indeed they should not succeed in overrunning the whole. Brant, who had brought nearly a thousand Iroquois warriors to the standard of St. Leger, was indeed the very soul of the expedition; for if there be a doubt of his devising the scheme itself, he certainly planned some of its most important details; and the zeal with which he executed his share of the undertaking proved how thoroughly his heart was engaged in it. The Johnsons indeed had come back to struggle once more for a noble patrimony which had been wrested from them, and many of their refugee friends were animated by the hope of recovering the valuable estates they had forfeited; but Brant fought to recover the ancient seats of his people, whose name as a nation was in danger of being blotted out from the land.

When therefore he learned, through his scouts, that Herkimer was approaching by forced marches to break up the encampment of St. Leger, relieve Fort Stanwix and repel the advance of the invaders through the valley of which it was the portal, he instantly suggested measures for his discomfiture, and planned that masterly ambuscade which resulted in the bloody field of Oriskany.

There is, within a few miles of Fort Stanwix, a deep hollow or ravine which intersects the forest road by which Herkimer and his brave but undisciplined army of partisan forces were approaching to St. Leger's lines. The ravine sweeps toward the east in a semicircular form, either horn of the crescent thus formed bearing a northern and southern direction, and enclosing a level and elevated piece of ground upon the western side. The bottom of the ravine was marshy and the road crossed it by means of a causeway. This was the spot selected by Brant for attacking the column of Herkimer; and hither St. Leger had sent a large force of royalists to take post with his Indians on the morning of the fatal sixth of August.

The white troops, consisting of detachments from Claus's and Butler's Rangers and Johnson's Greens, with a battalion of Major Watts's Royal New Yorkers, disposed themselves in the form of a semicircle, with a swarm of red warriors clustering like bees upon either extremity; and it would seem as if nothing could save Herkimer's column from annihilation, should it once push fairly within the horns of the crescent thus formed. The fortunes of war, however, turn upon strange incidents; and in the present instance the very circumstance which hurried hundreds of brave men among the patriots upon their fate, was a cause of preservation to their comrades.

The veteran General Herkimer, who was a wary and experienced bush-fighter, aware of the character of this ground, had ordered a halt when within a few hundred yards of the spot where the battle was ultimately joined; but irritated by the mutinous remonstrances of some of his insubordinate followers, several of whom flatly charged the stout old general with cowardice, he gave the order to "march on" while his ranks were yet in confusion; and eagerly was the order obeyed by the rash gathering of border yeomanry.

"March on," shouted the fiery Cox and ill-fated Eisenlord. "March on," thundered the Herculean Gardiner and Samson-like Dillenback, whose puissant deeds at Oriskany have immortalised their names in border story. "March on," echoed the patriotic Billington and long-regretted Paris, and many another brave civilian and gallant gentleman, whom neither rank nor station nor want of skill in arms had prevented from volunteering upon this fatal field—the first and last they ever saw! "March on," shouted the hot-headed De Roos, catching up the cry as quickly it ran from rank to rank, and dashing wildly forward, he scarce knew where.

And already the foremost files had descended into the hollow, and others, pressing from behind, were pouring in a living tide to meet the opposing shock below.

The impatience of Brant's warriors did not allow them to wait until the Whig forces had all descended into the ravine; but raising their well-known war-cry, the Mohawks poured a volley, which nearly annihilated half of Herkimer's foremost division, and wholly cut off the remainder from the support of their comrades. Uprising then among the bushes, they sprang with tomahawk and javelin upon the panic-

stricken corps, already broken and borne down by that first onslaught. The Refugees pushed forward with their bayonets to share in the massacre of their countrymen. But now fresh foes were rushing upon them in turn. Headstrong and impetuous themselves, or urged on by the fiery masses that press upon them from behind, they descended like an avalanche from the plain above and filled that little vale with carnage and destruction; now, swooping down to be dispersed in death, and now bearing with them a resistless force that hurled hundreds who opposed it into eternity.

The leaders of both parties soon began to see that this indiscriminate *mélée* could result in no positive advantage to either, while involving the destruction of both; and in a momentary pause of the conflict the voices of Herkimer's officers and of the opposing leaders were simultaneously heard calling upon their men to betake themselves to the bushes and form anew under their cover. And now the fight was somewhat changed in its character. Major Greyslaer, seeing the causeway partially cleared of its struggling combatants, rallied a compact band of well-disciplined followers, and charged the thickets in advance. But the throng through which he opened a passage closed instantly behind him, and with the loss of half his men, he was obliged to cut his way back to his comrades, where the chieftain Teondetha, with his Oneida rifles, covered the shattered band till Greyslaer could take new order.

The Whig yeomanry, in the meantime, had for the most part taken post behind the adjacent trees, where each man, as from a citadel of his own, made war upon the enemy by keeping up an incessant firing. But Brant, whose Indians were chiefly galled by these sharpshooters, gave his orders, and the Mohawks, wherever they saw the flash of a rifle, would rush up, and, with lance or tomahawk despatch the marksman before he could gain time to reload. Balt, whose unerring rifle had already made many a foeman bite the dust, had ensconced himself behind a shattered oak, a little in advance of a thicket of birch and juniper, from which Christian Lansingh, with others of Greyslaer's followers, kept up a steady fire, and thus covered Balt's position. The worthy hunter absolutely foamed with rage when he saw several of his acquaintance, who were less protected than himself, thus falling singly beneath the murderous tomahawks of Brant's people; but his anger received a new turn when he beheld Greyslaer breaking his cover and

rushing with clubbed rifle after one of the retreating Mohawks, who had despatched an unfortunate militia-man within a few paces of him.

"Goody Lordy!" he exclaimed, "the boy's mad! He'll spoil the breaching or bend the bar'l of the best rifle in the county. Tormented lightning! though, how he's buried the brass into him."

Greyslaer, as Balt spoke, drove the angular metal with which the stock of the weapon was shod deep into the brain of the flying savage, while Balt himself, in the same moment, brought down a javelin man who was flying to the assistance of the other.

"Aha! ain't that the caper on't, you pisen copper-head! Down, major, down," shouted the woodsman, as his quick ear caught the click of a dozen triggers in the opposite thicket, and Max, obedient to the word, threw himself upon his face, while the fire of a whole platoon of Tory rangers, that was instantly answered by a volley from his own men, passed harmlessly over him.

The dropping shots now became less frequent, for the borderers on either side were so well protected by woodland cover that, though the clothes of many were riddled with bullets, yet the grazing of an elbow or some slight flesh-wound in the leg was all the execution done by those who were as practised in avoiding exposure to the aim of an enemy, as in availing themselves with unerring quickness of each chance of planting a bullet.

General Herkimer, who had already seen Greyslaer's spirited effort to cut his way through the enemy with a handful of men, deemed this the fitting time to execute the movement upon a larger scale. The fatal causeway was again thronged by the patriots in the instant they heard the voice of their leader exhorting his troops to force the passage in which their bravest had already fallen. But, even before they could form, and in the moment that those closing ranks exposed themselves, a murderous fire was poured in upon them on every side; every tree and bush seemed to branch out with flame.

Thrice, with desperate valor, did Herkimer cross the causeway and charge the thronged hillside in front; and thrice the files who rushed into the places of the fallen were mowed down by the deadly rifles from the thickets, or beaten back by the cloud of spears and tomahawks that instantly thickened in the path before them. In the third charge the

veteran fell, a musket-ball, which killed his horse, having shattered his knee while passing through the body of the charger.

But the fall of their general, instead of disheartening, seems only to nerve his brave followers with new determination of spirit, as placed on his saddle beneath a tree, the stout old soldier still essayed to order the battle. His manly tones, heard even above the din of the conflict, gave system and efficacy to the brave endeavor of his broken ranks. The tree against which he leaned became a central point round which they rallied, fighting now not for a conquest—hardly for self-preservation—but only in stubborn resistance of their fate. And now, as the enemy, impatient of this long opposition, concentrated round them, they formed in circles, and received in silence the furious charge of their hostile countrymen. Bayonet crossed bayonet, or the clubbed rifle battered the opposing gunstock as they fought hand to hand and foot to foot. Again and again did the royalists recoil from the wall of iron hearts against which they had hurled themselves. But though the living rampart yielded not, it began to crumble with these successive shocks; the ranks of the patriots grew thinner around their wounded general, where brave men strewed the ground like leaves when the autumn is serest.

The Indian allies upon either side had in the meantime suspended their firing. In vain did the voice of Brant encourage his Mohawks to strike a blow which should at once decide this fearful crisis. In vain did the gallant shout of Teondetha cheer on the Oneidas to rescue his friends from the destruction that hedged them in. Not an Indian would move in that green-wood. The warriors of the forest upon both sides had paused to watch this terrible death-struggle between white men of the same country and language. They had already ceased to fire upon each other; and now, gazing together upon the well-matched contest of those who involved them in this family quarrel, they would not raise an arm to strike for either party.

A storm, a terrific midsummer tempest, such as often marks the sudden vicissitudes of our climate, was the Heaven-directed interposition which stayed the slaughter of that battle-field. The breath of the thunder-gust swept the rain in sheets of foam through the forest, and the hail burst down in torrents upon those warring bands, whose arms now flashed only as they glinted back the lightning's glare.

There was a pasue, then, in the bloody fight of Oriskany; but the battle, which seemed but now nearly ended in the overthrow of the patriots, was soon to be resumed under different auspices. The royalists had withdrawn for the moment to a spot where a heavier forest-growth afforded them some protection from the elements. The republicans had conveyed their wounded general to an adjacent knoll, from which, exposed as it was to the fire of the enemy, he insisted on ordering the battle, when it should be resumed; and here, in the heat of the onslaught which succeeded, the sturdy old border chief was observed, with great deliberation, to take his flint and tinder-box from his pocket, light his pipe, and smoke with perfect composure. The veteran bush-fighter, who missed many an officer around him, grieved not the less for more than one favorite rifle-shot who had perished among his private soldiers; and, in order to counteract the mode of warfare adopted by Brant, when, in the early part of the battle, the Indian spears and tomahawks made such dreadful havoc among the scattered riflemen, Herkimer commanded his sharpshooters to station themselves in pairs behind a single tree, and one always to reserve his fire till the Indians should rush up to despatch his comrade when loading.

In the meantime, while the different dispositions for attack and defence were thus making by their leaders, the rude soldiers on either side, hundreds of whom were mutually acquainted, exchanged many a bitter jeer with each other, while ever and anon, as some taunting cry would rise among the young warriors of Brant's party, it was echoed by the opposing Oneidas with a fierce whoop of defiance that would pierce wildly amid the peltings of the storm.

An hour elapsed before an abatement of the tempest allowed the work of death to commence anew. A movement on the part of the royalists by Major Watts' battalion, first drew the fire of the patriots; and then the Mohawks, cheered on by the terrible war-whoop of Brant, and uttering yell on yell to intimidate their foes, commenced the onslaught, tomahawk in hand. But the cool execution done by the marks-men whom Herkimer had so wisely planted to sustain each other, made them quickly recoil; and the Oneidas, eagerly pressing forward from the republican side, drove them back upon a large body of Butler's Rangers. Many of this corps had been so severely handled by Greys-laer's men in the first part of the battle, that they had fallen back to take care of their wounded. But Bradshawe's company, which had

suffered least, was now in advance. These fierce men brooked no control from the young subaltern who was now nominally their commander. Headed by the terrible Valtmeyer, whose clothes were smeared with the gore from a dozen scalps which dangled at his waist, they broke their ranks, rushed singly upon the Oneidas, who had intruded into their lair, and driving them back among their friends, became the next moment themselves mixed up in wild *melee* with partisans of the other side. This onslaught served as a signal for a rival corps in another part of the field; and Claus's Rangers broke their cover to battle with their foemen hand to hand.

This corps of refugee royalists consisted of men enlisted chiefly from the very neighborhood where they were now fighting. They had come back to their former homes bearing with them the hot thirst of vengeance against their former friends and neighbors; and when they heard the triumphant shout of the Whigs at a momentary recoil of their friends and perhaps recognized the voices of some who had aided in driving them from their country, their impatience could not be restrained; they rushed forward with a fiendish yell of hatred and ferocity while the patriots, instead of awaiting the charge in obedience to the commands of their officer, sprang like chafed tigers from their covert, and met them in the midst. Bayonets and clubbed muskets made the first shock fatal to many; but these were quickly thrown aside as the parties came in grappling contact, drawing their knives and throttling each other, stabbing, and literally dying in each other's embrace.*

And thus for five long hours raged this ruthless conflict. All military order had been lost in the moment when the wild bush-fighters first broke their cover and rushed forward to decide the battle hand to hand. Men fought with the fury of demons; or if by chance a squad or party of five or six found themselves acting together, these would quickly form, rush forward, and, charging into the thickest of the fight soon be lost amid the crowd of combatants. At one moment the tomahawk of some fierce Red warrior would crash among the bayonets and spears of whites and Indians as he hewed his way to rescue some comrade that was beset by clustering foes; at another, the shattering of shafts and clashing of steel would be heard where a sturdy pioneer, with his back to a tree, stood axe in hand, cleaving down a soldier at every

* Stone, Campbell, Morris.

blow, or matching the cherished tool of his craft with the ponderous mace of some brawny savage. Now the groans of the dying, mixed with imprecations deep and foul, rose harshly above the din of the battle, and now the dismal howl or exulting yell of the red Indian was mocked by a thousand demoniac voices, screeching wild through the forest, as if the very fiends of hell were let loose in that black ravine.

The turmoil of the elements has long since subsided. The sky is clear and serene above. Happily, the forest glooms interpose a veil between its meek, holy eye, and this dance of devilish passions upon the earth.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(*To be continued.*)



Title pag

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THE

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WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

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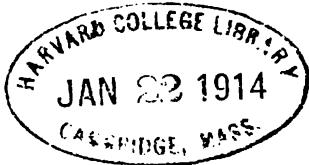
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EXTRACTS FROM THE PROVIDENCE GAZETTE

(*Tenth Paper*)

October 23, 1779

OUR best account from Rhode Island informs us that the Enemy have now completed the Embarkation of their Cannon, Baggage and Stores, and were employed in plundering the inhabitants, taking the bells from the houses of worship, &c. The North Battery was levelled a few days since, and the Platforms burnt. On Wednesday Morning (Oct. 20) they burnt the mast and other wood-work of the Light House on Beaver Tail, and Yesterday were destroying their works near the town. Their departure is daily expected.

A Gentleman from Connecticut informs that five or six British Frigates were seen coming down the Western Sound on Thursday last (Oct. 21). These are probably to assist in convoying the British Troops from our State.

We learn that one of the Enemy's look out boats was captured on Thursday (Oct. 21), off Point Judith, and carried into Connecticut.

October 30, 1779

Boston October 25.

Capt. Olney returned to Salem last Friday (Oct. 22), from about a month's cruise, having in the late storm been obliged to throw overboard 8 of his guns.

Count De Esting has taken the *Experiment* of 50 guns, Sir James Wallace, Commander.

October 30, 1779

On the Evening of the 25th the *Invincible* Troops of Britain having evacuated Newport embarked on board Transports which lay ready to

receive them, and the same night the whole Fleet set sail, it is said for New York, to assist in defending that last Asylum of British Tyranny in the Thirteen United States. Our Troops took Possession of the Town next morning. It being evident that Sir Harry Clinton ordered that motion, it will not be in the power of his rivals to rob him of the Title of the *Moonshine General* to which his celebrated retreat from Philadelphia through the Jersies had already given him the fairest pretensions.

It is reported that several Officers entreated their General to delay the Evacuation till the next day. That the Epocha of their King's Accession to the Throne might not be disgraced by the Evacuation of one of the most important Posts in America; but old *Silver Pipe*, desirous as he was to gratify their sensibility, thought that his situation could not excuse such condescension were he ever reduced to justify it before a Court Martial.

The Enemy left at Rhode Island a large Quantity of Forage and Fuel, with a number of Horses &c. The Barracks at Brenton's Point (where they embarked) were burnt but the others, with some Works in and near the Town were left in Good Order.

The Inhabitants had been ordered to remain in their Houses three days previous to the Evacuation.

The following is given us as a list of some of the Inhabitants that have gone off with the Enemy viz:

Joseph Wanton, Jun'r	John Maudsley
William Wanton*	Joseph Durfee
Isaac Lawton	John Watson
Stephen Deblois	Richard Beale
John Nicoll	Edward Mumford
James Nixon, Jr.	Samuel Whitehorne
Thomas Greene	Thomas Hazard
Samuel Boone	Nathan Hart
Isaac Hart	Hyman Levy
Levy	Rev. Mr. Bissell
Mathew Cozzens and Son	James Clarke (Shoemaker)
James Clarke	with a number of others.

*In the *Gazette* the last line is gone, hence two or three names between Wanton and Durfee are missing in the above list.

J. N. A.

October 30, 1779

We learn that the Tory Fleet has quitted Nantucket and its neighborhood, leaving behind great Part of the wood that had been got ready for taking on board.

Last Thursday Night (Oct. 28) the Privateer Schooner *Black Snake*, as she was going into Rhode Island, was boarded by a Privateer from Boston (supposing her to be an Enemy's Vessel) when two men belonging to the *Black Snake* were badly wounded, one of whom, Mr. George Brown of this Town, is since dead.

In the *Gazette* of November 6, 1779, is the following Letter:

J. N. A.

Mr. Carter:

Please to insert the following in your *Gazette* and you will oblige
your humble servant S. J.

AOXET HARBOR, October 28, 1779.

Being Commander of the Privateer Schooner of War called the *Hazard* from Boston, cruizing off this coast on the 27th instant, the wind being N. N. E., I was beating in for Seaconnott River, but espying a small Schooner steering out of the Vineyard Sound I gave chase and the Schooner steering away from us I continued the chase and came up with her. I hailed the Schooner, it being night, and asked from whence they came. The master answered from Boston, but I being conscious there was no such vessel from Boston I did not believe him. He answered again from the Vineyard bound to Rhode Island. I desired him to shorten sail, as I wanted to talk with him if a friend, or if an Enemy to fight him. He asked me where I was from, I told him from Boston, and moreover informed him who I was and that if he did not haul down his sails I would fire upon him, which he refused to do. I ordered one of my men to fire a musket. My Men and Officers urged me to give him a broadside. I told them not to fire but ordered them to lay him alongside and then running our bow alongside his larboard quarter, seven or eight of my men went on board him; my Officers and myself calling out not to fire because we discovered them to be leaving their quarters. I was so far from wishing to injure any of them when I discovered them going below, that I went on board with my speaking trumpet and silenced my men, after shutting his cabin door.

I then looked at his papers and found him to belong to the State of Rhode Island. Some of my men fired two or three pistols against my express orders, and wounded two of his men. This being a true and faithful narrative of the unhappy transaction I submit my conduct and that of my Officers to the judgment of the public.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, Jun.

October 30, 1779

The Privateer Schooner *Lively*, Capt. Esek Hopkins, Jun., of this Port, in Company with a Privateer belonging to Connecticut, has taken three vessels from New York one of them very valuable, and sent them into New London.

November 6, 1779

The following is an extract of a Letter from a Lieutenant of an American Privateer Ship of 20 Guns, a Prisoner in Britain, dated June 29, 1779, and is inserted by particular request:

"I was taken the 2d day of December last in a large Prize Ship of which I had Command, within Four days' sail of Boston, by James Wallace in the *Experiment* of 50 Guns. He would not suffer me to take my Chest and but few of my clothes with me on board his Ship, and a considerable part of those few were taken from me the first night I was on board. He ordered me and my Hands all together under the Forecastle, where were kept a number of hogs, and gave us nothing to eat the first 48 hours. For three days we could procure nothing to lie on, although the Hog-dung was over our shoes. We were then put in the Ship's hold and kept there until the arrival at Falmouth the 3d of January; thence she sailed for and arrived at Portsmouth the 23d and the 25th we were put on board the *Lenox*, a Ship of 74 Guns, where we continued until February 18.

During the whole time kept on half allowance and closely confined. I then petitioned the Admiral for the *Privilege* of being sent to Prison with my crew, which he granted. We are now upwards of 270 Prisoners cooped up without distinction, in close confinement and a strong guard kept over us. Our provisions are but just sufficient to keep Soul and Body together, and the Sentries very morose. They have without provocation fired amongst us and killed one, and no redress can be obtained. I have some expectation of being released in October but

as I must have satisfaction for their cruelty cannot tell when I shall be at home.

P. S. The men who were in the Prize with me are all well, except Job Fowler of Updike's Newtown, who died of the smallpox in February, of which I wish his Family and Friends may have Notice."

December 11, 1779

Sunday last (Dec. 5) the Sloop *Diamond*, Capt. Joseph Cooke, of this place, arrived at an eastern Port from Amsterdam after a Passage of about 100 days, having met with several severe gales of wind, in which he lost some of his spars. He was also reduced to great distress for want of provision and fuel, and two of his crew died through excessive hunger and fatigue. He sailed from Holland in company with the Brig *General Arnold*, that arrived at Boston about six weeks since.

December 18, 1779

Wednesday last (Dec. 15) arrived here from the Grand Army on his way to his seat in New Hampshire the Hon. Major General Sullivan.

Since our last two Prizes have arrived in the river, taken by the *Franklin* and the *Pickering* Privateers, of Salem. One of them is a Schooner from New Providence with fruit, bound to New York; the other a Sloop from New York loaded with lumber.

January 22, 1780

From the London *Gazette Extraordinary* of September 24, 1779:

Admiralty Office September 23.

This morning Capt. Dickson of His Majesty's Ship the *Greyhound*, arrived from North America with dispatches from Commodore Sir George Collier to Mr. Stephens, of which the following are copies:

Raisonable in Penobscot Bay August 20.

Sir:

In the Letter I wrote you for Their Lordships' information the 28th of last month by the *Sandwich Packet*, I mentioned my having received certain information that His Majesty's garrison at Penobscot was be-

seiged by a considerable rebel armament of Troops and Ships from Boston, and that I proposed immediately proceeding with the Squadron to their relief, flattering myself I should be able to give Their Lordships a good account of the Enemy's Fleet. These hopes have not proved illusive, for we have taken, blown up, and destroyed them all, not a single vessel of any kind having escaped.

I sailed from Sandy Hook on the 3d instant with His Majesty's Ships *Raisonable*, *Greyhound*, *Blonde Virginia*, *Camilla*, *Galatea* and *Otter*, Sloop. Nothing very particular happened in the passage except the taking of two Privateers by the *Greyhound* and *Galatea*. The constant thick fogs separated the Squadron, but they all rejoined me in a few hours after I arrived off the Island Monhegan (the place of rendezvous) except the *Otter* Sloop whom I have never heard of since.

We lost no time in immediately proceeding up Penobscot Bay, and the next morning (14th August) about 11 o'clock the rebel fleet presented themselves to our view, drawn up in a crescent across the River and seemed inclined to dispute the passage. Their resolution however soon failed them, and an unexpected ignominious flight soon took place. The *Blonde*, *Virginia* and *Galatea* were at this time advanced about three miles ahead, nevertheless without waiting to form the Squadron I made the signals for battle and for a general chase. The King's Ships followed them with all the eagerness which a desire of destroying their enemies could inspire. Two of the enemy's fleet (viz: the *Hunter* and *Defence*) made an unsuccessful attempt to get off by the West Passage of Long Island, but failing in that the *Hunter* ran ashore with every sail standing and the *Defence* hid herself in a small inlet where she anchored. Both intending to push out to sea as soon as it was dark. I sent Lieut. Mackay of the *Raisonable* and 50 men to board the *Hunter*, which he succeeded in without loss, though many popping shots were fired at him by the rebel crew from the woods. She is a fine Ship, mounting 18 Guns, and supposed the swiftest sailer in America.

I directed Capt. Collins of the *Camilla* to proceed into the inlet and take or destroy the *Defence*. That measure however was not carried into effect by her blowing herself up at midnight. She was a new Brig carrying 16 Six Pounders.

The King's Ships continued their pursuit of the rebel fleet up the River Penobscot, and considerable hazard attended this part of the

chase from the extreme narrowness of the River, from the Shoales and from the flaming Ships on each side. The *Hampden* of 20 Guns, finding herself so closely beset as not to be able to run ashore, surrendered. All the rest of the rebel fleet (amongst which a beautiful frigate called the *Warren* of 32 Guns, 18 and 12 Pounders) together with 24 Sail of Transports, were all blown up and destroyed.

His Majesty's Sloops the *Nautilus*, *Albany* and *North*, which had been left for the Protection of the Garrison, soon got themselves in condition and joined in the chase.

General Lovell, who commanded the rebel army, and Commodore Saltonstall the fleet, had fixed on this day to have made a general assault on the Fort and Ships, which our appearance happily prevented.

The remainder of their Army and Sailors are now exploring their way through thick woods and desert wastes, where probably many of them will perish with hunger.

Since their defeat they have quarrelled among themselves and fought, by which between 50 and 60 men are slain.

We have taken a great many cannon, though I cannot ascertain the number. There are amongst them some 18 and 12 Pounders which will be very useful to the Garrisons. Several of the Ships' Guns will also be recovered.

It is incumbent on me to express to Their Lordships my particular approbation of the behavior of the Captains and Officers of the Squadron, who shewed the most spirited exertions in the attack and destruction of the enemies fleet.

I enclose a return of killed and wounded on board the three Sloops of War during the siege, as also a List of the enemy's rebel fleet.

I have the honor of sending Their Lordships these dispatches by Capt. Dickson of the *Greyhound*, an Officer of Merit and who has had a principal part in contributing to our successes.

I propose staying but a few days here to make some necessary arrangements, and then return to New York.

I am Sir your most obedient and humble servant.

G. COLLIER.

Philip Stephens Esq., &c., &c.

A Return of the killed wounded and missing of the crews of His Majesty's Sloops *North*, *Albany* and *Nautilus*, during the siege by the rebels of His Majesty's Garrison of Penobscot.

Albany, 1 killed, 4 wounded, 1 missing.

North, 2 killed, 2 wounded.

Nautilus, 1 killed, 3 wounded, 1 missing.

G. COLLIER.

A copy.

A List of the rebel fleet under the Command of Commodore D. Saltonstall destroyed at Penobscot.

<i>Warren</i>	32 Guns (18 and 12 Pounders) blown up.
<i>Monmouth</i>	24 Guns "
<i>Vengeance</i>	24 Guns "
<i>Putnam</i>	22 Guns "
<i>Sally</i>	22 Guns "
<i>Hampden</i>	20 Guns taken.
<i>Hector</i>	20 Guns blown up.
<i>Hunter</i>	18 Guns taken.
<i>Black Prince</i>	18 Guns blown up
<i>Sky Rocket</i>	16 Guns " "

BRIGS

<i>Active</i>	16 Guns blown up.
<i>Defence</i>	16 Guns " "
<i>Hazard</i>	16 Guns " "
<i>Diligence</i>	14 Guns " "
<i>Tyrannicide</i>	14 Guns " "
<i>Providence Sloop</i>	14 Guns " "
Armed Schooner <i>Spring Bird</i>	12 Guns, burnt.

Nancy, 16 Guns, bound on a cruize but captured by the *Greyhound* on our passage to Penobscot.

Rover, 10 Guns, bound also on a cruize but captured by the *Galatea* on our passage to Penobscot. Together with 24 Sail of Ships and Vessels as Transports all burnt. Some provision vessels taken.

GEO. COLLIER.

January 22, 1780

From the London Chronicle of Sept. 25, 1779.

To the Printer.

The following counter disposition of Sir Charles Hardy's against the combined Fleet in order of Force, will show their comparative strength at a glance.

FRENCH		ENGLISH	
Name	Guns	Name	Guns
<i>Le Bretagne</i>	110	<i>Victory</i>	100
<i>St. Trinidad</i>	114	<i>Britannia</i>	100
<i>La Ville de Paris</i>	100	<i>Royal George</i>	100
<i>L'Auguste</i>	80	<i>London</i>	98
<i>St. Fernando</i>	80	<i>Prince George</i>	98
<i>St. Louis</i>	80	<i>Queen</i>	98
<i>Le St. Esprit</i>	80	<i>Formidable</i>	98
<i>St. Nicholas</i>	80	<i>Duke</i>	98
<i>Phoenix</i>	80	<i>Namur</i>	90
<i>St. Carlos</i>	80	<i>Union</i>	90
<i>Raye</i>	80	<i>Blenheim</i>	90
<i>St. Vincent</i>	80	<i>Ocean</i>	90
<i>La Cousanne</i>	80	<i>Sandwich</i>	90
<i>L'Actif</i>	74	<i>Barfleur</i>	90
<i>Le Neptune</i>	74	<i>Royal William</i>	89
<i>Le Glorieux</i>	79	<i>Princess Amelia</i>	89
<i>Le Conquerant</i>	79	<i>Foudroyant</i>	80
<i>Le Palmer</i>	79	<i>Berwick</i>	79
<i>L'Intrepide</i>	79	<i>Marlborough</i>	79
<i>Le Zodiaque</i>	79	<i>Thunderer</i>	79
<i>Le Citoyen</i>	79	<i>Bedford</i>	79
<i>L'Hercule</i>	79	<i>Centaur</i>	79
<i>Le Bien Aime</i>	79	<i>Courageux</i>	79
<i>Le Destin</i>	79	<i>Culloden</i>	79
<i>La Bourgogne</i>	79	<i>Hector</i>	79
<i>La Victoire</i>	79	<i>Invincible</i>	79
<i>Le Scipion</i>	79	<i>Monarch</i>	79
<i>Le Pluto</i>	79	<i>Ramillies</i>	79

<i>Velasco</i>	79	<i>Resolution</i>	79
<i>St. Ysabel</i>	70	<i>Shrewsbury</i>	79
<i>Oriente</i>	70	<i>Terrible</i>	79
<i>Septentrion</i>	70	<i>Valiant</i>	79
<i>Monarque</i>	70	<i>Alexander</i>	79
<i>St. Julien</i>	70	<i>Alfred</i>	79
<i>St. Joseph</i>	70	<i>Egmont</i>	79
<i>St. Miguel</i>	70	<i>Defence</i>	74
<i>Vigilance</i>	70	<i>Cumberland</i>	74
<i>Anda Guardia</i>	70	<i>Triumph</i>	79
<i>St. Francis d'Assise</i>	70	<i>Canada</i>	79
<i>St. Ysidro</i>	70	<i>Montague</i>	79
<i>Princessa</i>	70	<i>Ajax</i>	79
<i>St. Fr. Paula</i>	70	<i>Dublin</i>	79
<i>St. Eurredo</i>	70	<i>Edgar</i>	79
<i>St. Damasco</i>	70	<i>Alcide</i>	79
<i>St. Eugenie</i>	70	<i>Arrogant</i>	69
<i>St. Joachim</i>	70	<i>Biensaisant</i>	69
<i>Vencedor</i>	70	<i>Prudent</i>	69
<i>St. Pascual</i>	70	<i>St. Albans</i>	69
<i>St. Pedro</i>	70	<i>Trident</i>	69
<i>Brillante</i>	70	<i>America</i>	69
<i>Guerrier</i>	70	<i>Intrepid</i>	69
<i>Arrogante</i>	70	<i>Buffalo</i>	60
<i>Le Evaille</i>	74	<i>Isis</i>	50
<i>Le Michael</i>	64	<i>Romney</i>	50
<i>L'Alexandre</i>	64	<i>Jupiter</i>	50
<i>L'Indian</i>	64		
<i>Le Solitaire</i>	64		
<i>Le Prothet</i>	64		
<i>Le Triton</i>	64		
<i>Le Caton</i>	64		
<i>L'Actionnaire</i>	64		
<i>Le Bizarre</i>	64		
<i>Asturo (Astree?)</i>	64		
<i>Dragon</i>	60		
<i>San Espers (?)</i>	60		
<i>Mino</i>	59		
(Total: French 67 Vessels, 4792 Guns.			
Britain 55 Vessels, 4234 Guns, J. N. A.)			

This is the state of the Fleet in which alone it will sail in quest of the Enemy, and if the vast superiority of our three deckers to those of the Enemy against them with the number of our Seventy Fours opposed to their Seventies be considered, it will appear that Sir Charles will be much more than a match for them. His Fleet will be of this strength by the 25th of this Month.

February 5, 1780

Last week arrived at Newport under Jury Masts a Brig from New York in ballast, Prize to a Privateer belonging to Connecticut. She sailed from New York for Lisbon the 20th of December last, in company with a Fleet bound to England, and in Latitude 35 was dismasted in a violent gale that happened on the 28th of that month.

March 11, 1780

On Wednesday (Mar. 8) A Flag of Truce arrived at Newport from New York and 'tis said has brought clothing for the Prisoners at Rutland:

March 16, 1780

Saturday night last (Mar. 11) a number of Prisoners that were confined on board the Prison Ship in our River made their escape, and stole a boat in which it is supposed they intended a voyage to New York, but being destitute of rudder or compass and the weather very stormy they put ashore at Narragansett in our bay, where they were immediately secured. On Wednesday they were brought here under Guard and committed to Gaol.

Since our last arrived at Newport a large Brig, Prize to a Letter of Marque Sloop belonging to Connecticut, laden with oats &c. She was one of a Fleet of Victuallers from Ireland bound to New York, and had been out 11 weeks.

PROVIDENCE

JAMES N. ARNOLD

F I N I S

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE REBELLION

(*Seventh Paper*)

THE MONITOR AND MERRIMAC

THE rebels were in possession of Norfolk, of the important Navy Yard at Portsmouth, of the mouth of the Elizabeth River, and all the defences thereabouts, and it was quite well known that they had taken the United States frigate Merrimac, had dismantled her, and were fitting her out as an ironclad. When the Norfolk Navy Yard was abandoned by Commodore Paulding in April, 1861, and was immediately occupied by the rebels, all the loyal men employed there left with him, with the exception of one man, an iron-finisher, who was from the East. He assumed to sympathize with the rebels and remained in their shops. This man managed to communicate with General Wool, through a flag of truce, and kept us informed of the progress being made on this new ironclad.

About the second week in February, 1862, an Irishman appeared in the aides' room at headquarters in Fortress Monroe, and asked to see the General. The aides asked what his business was, and not being able to get anything out of him, sent him in to me.

"I want to see the General," was all he would say.

"You can't see the General," I answered. "What do you want to see him for? Where did you come from, and how did you get into the fort?"

"Sure, I walked in, sor," he said.

"Of course you walked in. I didn't suppose you came in on a flying machine," I said. "How did you get by the guards? You can't see the General. What you have to tell him you must tell to me."

He protested that he could not do so; that it was as much as his life was worth. I threatened to have him locked in the casemate unless he quickly told his business, and finally he consented to tell me. I sent every one out of the room but the Irishman, and then, still protesting about the risk he was taking, he asked me to take my knife and rip open the sleeve of his coat. I cut the cloth as he indicated, and found, on a

piece of cotton cloth sewed inside the lining, a communication from the loyal workman in the Norfolk Navy Yard.

He said the *Merrimac*, rechristened the *Virginia*, had been launched but it was found she drew a foot less water than they had intended. She was to receive another coat of mail, and would be out in a month. Then they were to attack and destroy the *Cumberland* and the *Congress*, off Newport News, which had been armed especially to meet her. Simultaneously General Magruder was to come down from Yorktown and attack General Mansfield, at Newport News, and clean out all the Union forces in the neighborhood. The account of the rebel plans was most minute.

We relied on the loyalty of our informant, and General Wool, being ill prepared to sustain such attacks as arranged by the rebels, sent me to Washington as a bearer of despatches, to inform the War Department of the situation. On reporting at the War Department I found that Secretary of War Stanton, who had just been appointed, was very ill. Second Assistant Secretary of War, Peter H. Watson received me. I was accredited as a living despatch, and I refused to deliver my despatches to Mr. Watson. He said Mr. Stanton was at home and could not attend to departmental affairs in his present condition. I said the despatches I bore were of the utmost importance, and that there were verbal messages to be given with them which I alone could give. We went to Secretary Stanton's house, and as he lay in bed I read my despatches and related the messages I brought as a living despatch.

Secretary Stanton at once appreciated what the consequences would be if the information was correct, and directed that I should be taken to the President. I saw the President, told him my mission, and he deemed the matter of such importance that he summoned a Cabinet council to convene at once. All the members of the Cabinet were present, including Captain G. V. Fox, First Assistant Secretary of the Navy, the active head of the department. Captain Fox heard my despatches, and turning to the President said:

"Mr. President, you need not give yourself any trouble whatever about that vessel. I made a cruise in her, and know her well. She drew twenty-four feet of water, and this despatch says she only draws nineteen and a half feet."

"Well, Colonel Cannon, what do you say to that?" asked the President.

I said that I could not give any professional opinion, but that it seemed to me the structural changes that had been made would account for the change in draft, but that, in any event, we had every confidence in the accuracy of our information, and were well convinced of the probable consequences.

But the Assistant Secretary of the Navy endeavored to make light of the whole affair, and to show that we must be entirely mistaken. Eventually the whole matter was dismissed, the opinion of the Assistant Secretary being taken as of more weight than anything we could offer. The Washington authorities were lulled into insensibility, and I had to return.

But the memorable events that followed in Hampton Roads quickly brought vindication, and showed that the information I carried to Washington was accurate in all particulars.

I was an eye-witness of those events; of the first day's onslaught by the *Merrimac* and of the duel between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* on the following day, being aboard the *Monitor* in my official capacity immediately before and after the historic fight. The story of those events, as I saw them, is told in the following extracts from a pamphlet entitled "Recollections of the Ironclads *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, and Incidents of the Fights," written by me in October, 1875, at the request of Hon. G. V. Fox, ex-Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and published by him in the *American Cylopaedia* of 1876:

"The Government, therefore, was not taken by surprise when the *Merrimac* appeared, though they were alarmingly startled by her first day's success, and greatly exaggerated her ability as a cruiser, as she had proved herself that day invincible against wooden vessels and their armament.

The command at Fort Monroe being in winter quarters was naturally more interested in the active operations of the navy in the waters of Virginia, and in the presence of vessels of war representing European nations. Flags of truce were frequent between Norfolk and Fort Monroe, and foreign officers were permitted to pass and repass between the hostile forces. The officers of two French corvettes, at anchor off the

fort, availed of this privilege very often, and our staff-officers, on their return from such visits, made efforts to obtain information as to the condition of affairs at Norfolk, but without any measure of success. On Friday, March 7th, our flag of truce brought over three or four of these French officers. The next morning, Saturday, our signal officer's report to headquarters noted that the French corvettes were 'steaming up,' and as no notice had been sent the day previous that they were going to sea (to entitle them to a salute), the fact excited a suspicion that the *Merrimac* was coming out, and the Frenchmen, knowing it, were prepared to move, as they were at anchor in the line of fire.

General Mansfield, commanding at Newport News, was telegraphed to keep a sharp look-out.

About noon the *Merrimac* was sighted coming out of the Elizabeth River, and steaming up the James River to Newport News. The *Minnesota* and *Roanoke*, screws, and the *St. Lawrence*, sailing frigate, got immediately under weigh, but both the former took the ground about two miles from Newport News, and could only engage the *Merrimac* at long range. The two latter vessels, after the loss of the *Cumberland* and *Congress*, returned to their anchorage below the fort, the *Minnesota* remaining hard aground.

Anticipating an attack by General Magruder on Newport News, General Wool ordered up the troops at Camp Hamilton to the support of General Mansfield. Rebel forces appeared and threatened an attack, but retired on the appearance of the supports. Captain Catesby R. Jones, in his article in the *Southern Magazine*, December, 1874, gives the reasons why Magruder failed to make the attack with the land forces, showing, conclusively, that the information received by General Wool in February, and sent to the War Department was accurate in all particulars.

The *Cumberland* was at anchor about one thousand feet from the shore, under the guns of a battery on the Bluff at Newport News (this battery mounted five or six guns, two of which were 6-inch rifles, and the others 8-inch Rodmans), the *Congress* being at anchor about the same distance below the *Cumberland*.

The *Merrimac*, in passing up, fired a broadside into the *Congress*, and continued on to attack the *Cumberland*. After firing a few shots

she ran into her, striking her near the bow with her iron ram, and forcing in her planking and timbers below the water-line, from the effect of which she commenced sinking rapidly; but although commanded to surrender, her heroic commander, Morris, refused, and kept up an active fire until the last, firing his guns till she went down with her flag flying at the peak. The *Congress* had in the meanwhile slipped her cable and drifted ashore, when the *Merrimac*, taking a raking position, attacked her with terrible effect, sweeping her decks and setting her on fire. Her commander, Lieutenant Smith, was killed, and to continue so hopeless a fight was simply madness. Her flag was struck and a prize crew thrown on board from a rebel gunboat.

It is proper to explain here that the battery on the Bluff kept up a continuous fire on the *Merrimac*, and from its elevation—about thirty feet above the water—and at the short range the fire was almost perpendicular to the sloping roof of the *Merrimac*, but the effect of this battery's shot was not damaging. General Mansfield also detailed a force of infantry to the beach, who kept up a sharp fire on the ports of the *Merrimac*. A section of artillery was also engaged in the fight, and on the *Congress* being boarded by a prize crew, opened on the prize with a raking fire of grape, which obliged the prize crew to abandon her. Then it was that the *Merrimac* reopened fire on the *Congress*, a circumstance which has led to no little controversy, but which finds its justification in the precedent of Nelson at Copenhagen. The *Merrimac*, after the loss of the *Cumberland*, opened fire on the shore battery and camp at Newport News, without much effect, although one of her shells demolished General Mansfield's headquarters, half burying the General under the *debris*. Two of her unexploded shells were picked up after the fight, one of which is in Washington and the other in possession of the writer.

During the engagement the *Merrimac* was joined by two armed steamers from up the James River, and all these vessels turned their next attention to the *Minnesota*, hopelessly aground about two miles below. The fire of the *Minnesota* kept off the wooden vessels, but the *Merrimac* continued firing on her at about a mile range until dark, but without inflicting much damage.

The whole aspect at headquarters was gloomy. The garrison was entirely composed of infantry volunteers, the armament was old-

fashioned and of small calibre, and the experience of that day's fight showed that practically our batteries were as useless as musket-balls against the ironclad. Our magazines were shot-proof only from the sea-side; the parade in the fort was filled with quartermaster and commissary stores, with slight protection from the weather; the barracks were of wood; there were no means of extinguishing fire, and outside the fort an immense quantity of naval ammunition for the coast fleets, all utterly unprotected, and with no means of removal to meet the emergency.

The success of the *Merrimac* gave her the control of the Roads, and if she could get sufficient elevation to her guns, she had the ability to shell and destroy the vast stores in and about the fort without the least power on our part to resist her.

Captain Van Brunt, commanding the *Minnesota*, through Lieutenant Grafton, first officer, reported at headquarters the result of their engagement, and as all efforts to get her afloat had failed, it was proposed to land a part of her crew (to save unnecessary slaughter), fight her to the last, and in an emergency blow her up. The surviving officers and crews of the *Cumberland* and *Congress* had been brought into the fort, and volunteered to serve our guns. The garrison was, therefore, reduced to about eight hundred men, the magazines from the bay side banked up with earth from the parade and made secure, and every precaution taken to stand a shelling.

About 9 o'clock p. m. Port Captain Milward reported at headquarters that the ironclad *Monitor* had been signalled entering the Roads, and was dropping anchor at the Horseshoe. General Wool ordered the writer to take an armed tug and report to her commander the result of the day's conflict and the perilous condition of the *Minnesota*.

I boarded her about 10.30 p. m., finding the news anticipated from the fleet, and Captain Worden, with an overworked crew from her perilous passage, was about lifting anchor to go up to the *Minnesota*. We remained alongside until she got under weigh, with her guns shotted and her men at quarters. She reached the *Minnesota* about 1 o'clock without seeing the *Merrimac*. Thus closed to us a sadly eventful day.

Sunday morning (March 9th) opened with a low fog hanging over the waters. About 7 o'clock a column of black smoke was visible off

Sewell's Point and soon after the top of the smoke-stack of the *Merrimac* appeared. The fog dissipated, and a calm, cloudless, warm Sunday morning broke upon us, not a breath of air disturbed the waters, and the singular transparency of the atmosphere rendered objects distinct for a great distance from our elevation on the ramparts.

Immediately after the clearing of the fog the rebel fleet, consisting of the *Merrimac*, two side-wheel steamers, and two gunboats (screws), got under weigh, standing up the river, and opened fire on the *Minnesota*, the latter briskly returning the fire. The *Monitor* stood out under the bow of the *Minnesota* and bore down on the *Merrimac*, opening her battery at about half-mile range. The rebel wooden consorts soon determined that it was an entertainment they were not invited to, and took refuge under their shore batteries. Thus commenced this grand naval duel, witnessed by more than 40,000 armed men on either shore, no one of whom was insensible to the results of this mighty combat. The engagement between the ironclads continued at close quarters for about two hours, broadsides being frequently exchanged, as appeared to the observer, with the vessels almost in contact, and without advantage to either. After a close and rapid countering the vessels separated, the *Monitor* steaming up the river toward the *Minnesota* and followed for a short distance by the *Merrimac*, but soon stopped and was approached by two of the consorts, firing meanwhile having been suspended. The *Monitor* remained out of action half an hour or more. With our glasses we could see men on her deck about the pilot-house, and, as afterward appeared, she had received a shot which broke one of the wrought-iron logs of the pilot-house, the same shot wounding Captain Worden. This injury was the cause of her retiring from action, but it was soon ascertained not to be vital, and she again bore down on the *Merrimac*. The latter, it appeared, had got aground, but floated before the *Monitor* came up with her. The *Monitor* re-engaged and forced the fight by lying athwart the stern of the *Merrimac*, delivering her fire rapidly and with telling effect, as with our glasses we could see that the *Merrimac* was settling by the stern. The *Merrimac*, unable to shake her off or to stand the pounding, commenced the retreat to Norfolk; then went up the excited exclamation of the officers on the ramparts, 'She is sinking!' and the apostrophe of the late Captain Talmadge (our Chief Quartermaster), 'She sticks to her like a king-bird to a hawk,' quaintly illustrating the intrepid action of the little two-gun raft

as she outfought a champion which twenty-four hours before convulsed the nation and astonished the world by her achievements. The *Monitor* pursued the *Merrimac* until she was brought under the fire of the rebel batteries, and then retired with her purpose accomplished.

At the invitation of Captain Fox, Assistant Secretary, I boarded the *Monitor* before her decks were cleared. The ship's company were mustered, and the Secretary made a brief and forcible address to the officers and crew, thanking them, in the name of the department, for their gallantry and success, and inquiring if any special act of gallantry had been exhibited. Lieutenant Greene replied that all had done their duty, but if any one was conspicuous it was the Quartermaster, who had steered the ship and never left the wheel during the engagement, and was by Worden's side when he was wounded. The Secretary ordered the man to step forward, complimented him on his steadiness and courage, and asked if he would like promotion. This young fellow was a Dane, singularly modest, and so overcome by the recognition that he could not find his voice to reply. Lieutenant Greene, seeing his embarrassment, repeated the Secretary's question, when aside and in a low voice he said something which Lieutenant Greene repeated: 'He says, sir, he would like the master to give him a paper,' which, interpreted, means that he would like a written acknowledgment that he had done his duty. The Secretary replied: 'Yes, my lad, you shall have the paper, and you are a boatswain.'

The Secretary received a verbal report from Lieutenant Greene of the fight, and his impression as to the injury inflicted on the *Merrimac*, stating that the *Monitor* was ready to go into action again, excepting only strengthening the pilot-house. It was Lieutenant Greene's opinion that the *Monitor's* charges and shot did not penetrate the armor of the *Merrimac*, and he asked if he should increase the charge and use the wrought iron shot in case she came out again. The Secretary replied, 'You know Commodore Dahlgren has limited the service charge of the guns, and such are the orders of the department; but if I was fighting a ship and found my ammunition ineffective, and had something better, I should try it in the emergency.'

Thus closed March 9th, 1862, with a disaster of one day changed into a success which assured us a control of our waters to the end of the contest.

The following day I went to Washington as a bearer of despatches with the Secretary. His estimate of the fight was that it had been nearly equal, but had not the *Merrimac* retreated the *Monitor* would have sunk or captured her, and that the *Monitor* must be held to act strictly on the defensive until we had more of the same machines."

The following facts concerning the injustice done to Lieutenant Greene in connection with the *Monitor* should be recorded here.

When the *Monitor* went out of action, because of the injury to her pilot-house and the wounding of Captain Worden, Lieutenant Greene took command, repaired the damage, took her back into action again, and won the fight. In his report to Captain Fox he said that he would be prepared to again go into action in three days, after the repairs to the pilot-house had been properly made. His success in the action with the *Merrimac* was so conspicuous that the staff officers of the army immediately invited him to a dinner in his honor, which he was compelled to decline, as he did not feel that he could leave his ship in the contingency of the *Merrimac* reappearing.

Yet with this undisputed record of his ability and success he was relieved of his command, and Captain Jeffers was appointed to the command of the *Monitor* in his place. The officers of the army felt that it was a grave act of injustice; and it may be said that there were no officers of the navy familiar with the circumstances but agreed that it was unjust. For if such signal success did not warrant an officer continuing in his command, even if it did not call for promotion, what possible incentive could there be to stimulate the ambition of an officer in a military or naval command?

Lieutenant Greene doubtless felt that his services were not appreciated, by this failure of official recognition, and the circumstances no doubt had an influence on his after life; and not unlikely they were a potent factor in the sad causes of his unfortunate and untimely death.

It occurs to me that a brief history of the *Monitor* might be of interest in this connection.

Captain John Ericsson, through a friend of his, Mr. C. F. Bushnell, submitted to the Navy Department, very soon after the firing on Fort Sumter, a plan of a turreted ironclad of his own design. The idea was not received with favor by the Navy Department. The opposition of

the Assistant Secretary of the Navy was especially conspicuous and influential. This man subsequently called the attention of certain members of the Naval Committee of the House of Representatives to Ericsson's suggestion, and succeeded in enlisting the support of Mr. John A. Griswold, a prominent member of Congress. Mr. Griswold became so much interested in the matter that he, in conjunction with Mr. John F. Winslow, induced the Navy Department to make a contract with them to complete the vessel, according to the designs.

It is especially due to the memory of the late Mr. Griswold and his associates, Bushnell and Winslow, to record that the Navy Department was extremely reluctant about consenting to the building of the *Monitor*, solely because of lack of confidence in Ericsson's invention. Its consent was finally given only on the conditions that the *Monitor* should be proved to be bomb-proof in a trial in actual engagement, and that it should be completed in one hundred days from the date of the contract. Governed strictly by patriotic motives, and with no selfish ends in view, these gentlemen assumed the risk of the construction of the new vessel.

It is a memorable fact, of which this is a notable illustration, that not a few of the signal successes of the Government in suppressing the rebellion, in arms and in political policy, were due to the intelligence and sagacity of loyal citizens not officially connected with the Government. No history of Ericsson's invention of the turreted war vessel would be complete if it failed to record the agency and the conditions under which the *Monitor* was built.

On her completion, the *Monitor* was immediately despatched to the Chesapeake River to engage a rebel battery at Sandstone Point in order to test her. She was practically at that time a private vessel, although manned by the Navy Department.

She appeared at Fort Monroe on the evening of March 8th, the day of the *Merrimac*'s destruction of the *Cumberland* and the *Congress*. She put in there for a harbor, having encountered violent weather on her way down, during which she was barely saved from foundering by the greatest exertions. Her appearance at Fort Monroe on that evening, arriving there after such a day of disaster to the Federal forces, would seem to have been providential. As has been related, she went into action the following day, and for the first time in history a great duel between ironclads was fought.

It is especially notable that on one day there appeared one new type of warship—a vessel of ten guns, with a sloping roof of armor—which proved superior to any vessel or vessels in the navies of the world; and that on the following day another vessel, of an entirely different type—also an ironclad, but with only two guns—appeared and proved to be superior to the first. I think it may be said with certainty that this was the most important event in the history of naval warfare of the world, as it led to the abandonment of all previous types of naval construction, and from that day to this the nations of the earth have been endeavoring to perfect another system of naval defences, at enormous expense, and generally with unsatisfactory results, for to this hour the question of floating defences against projectiles remains unsolved.

Up to this time the projectiles have kept ahead of the defences, remarkably verifying a notable statement made by the late Admiral Farragut, when dining with us at headquarters at Fort Monroe, as he was about entering upon his command with his small wooden fleet, to engage the forts on the Mississippi River, and if possible capture New Orleans. When it was asked of him by General Wool how he expected to overcome the two great fortifications on the Mississippi River, Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip, his reply was:

“I don’t want the forts, but I want the city beyond the forts. And you and I know, General Wool, that great gun service is very uncertain of result against an object in motion. If I can get into action where I want to be, yardarm and yardarm, so close that I can use grape and canister, I will drive your men from their guns, because I can bring more guns to bear in a broadside than you have mounted in either barbette or casemate. We shall have the ironclad fever, but, General Wool, there never will be a vessel built that won’t sink at her dock but that a projectile will have been invented superior to the defence.” (In other words, a vessel carrying armor presumably sufficient to stop the projectiles could not go to sea, because of the weight of her armor, but would sink at her dock.)

To this hour Admiral Farragut’s statement is true. He proved his theory (and it was original), and he did pass those forts. He said:

“If I can get one of my ships safe to New Orleans I can capture the city.” He lost some of his ships, but one ship got to the city under Commodore Bailey, and the city surrendered without firing a gun.

This incident is related as a tribute to Admiral Farragut's sagacity and foresight in regard to naval defences and the power of projectiles.

The success of the *Monitor*, although apparently insignificant in itself as a mere duel between two ironclads, in effect gave us control not only of Hampton Roads, but of the entire Southern coast, and perhaps was the most important success during the entire war, except, of course, the final surrender of Lee at Appomattox.

(*To be continued*)

LE GRAND B. CANNON

MINOR TOPICS

EARLY AMERICAN BOOKS

At the library of the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester an exhibition of early books printed in America has just been held. This exhibit, comprising sixty-three books, was selected, described and arranged by Clarence W. Brigham, the librarian. Since the exhibit contained many notable titles and gives many facts of interest to bibliographers and students of Americana, it seems worth while to reproduce the list of titles shown. The librarian says that since the list was hastily compiled there are doubtless many omissions of the "first books" of many important presses and that he would be glad to be informed regarding any such additional information. The list follows:

- "The Whole Booke of Psalmes," Cambridge, Stephen Daye, 1640. (The first book printed in this country known to be extant.)
- "Platform of Church Discipline," Cambridge, Samuel Green, 1649. (The first edition of the famous Cambridge platform, and the earliest known book from the press of Samuel Green.)
- Massachusetts "Book of General Laws," Cambridge, 1660 (Edward Rawson's copy).
- Eliot Indian Bible, Cambridge, Samuel Green & Marmaduke Johnson, 1663. (The first Bible in America, and one of the monuments of early American printing.)
- "New England's Memorial," by Nathaniel Morton, Cambridge, S. Green & M. Johnson 1669. (The first historical work issued by the Cambridge press.)
- "The Life of Richard Mather," by Increase Mather, Cambridge, 1670. (The portrait of Richard Mather, engraved for this work by John Foster, is the earliest known engraving of a portrait made in this country.)
- Increase Mather's "Wo to Drunkards," Cambridge, Marmaduke Johnson, 1673. (Contains both Hebrew and Greek type letters.)
- Increase Mather's "Wicked Man's Portion" Boston, John Foster, 1675 (The first book printed in Boston.)
- William Hubbard's "Narrative of the Trouble with the Indians," Boston, John Foster, 1677.
- Anne Bradstreet's "Poems," Boston, John Foster, 1678. (The first book by a woman author printed in this country.)
- "Heaven's Alarm to the World," by Increase Mather, Boston, John Foster, 1681. (The last book printed by John Foster.)
- Almanack for 1683, compiled by Cotton Mather, Boston, 1683
- "Enchantillon," par Ezekiel Carré, Imprime à Boston, par Samuel Green, 1690. (The first book printed in this country in the French language.)
- Keith's "Refutation of Three Opposers of Truth," Philadelphia, William Bradford, 1690. (One of the early productions of the Pennsylvania press.)
- "New England's Spirit of Persecution Transmitted to Pennsylvania," Philadelphia, William Bradford, 1693. (An early Pennsylvania imprint; contains some words in Hebrew type.)

"The Wonders of the Invisible World," by Cotton Mather, Boston, Benj. Harris, 1693. (One of the earliest publications relating to Salem witchcraft.)

George Keith's "Truth Advanced" New York William Bradford 1694. (The first book printed in New York, being preceded only by some pamphlets and broadsides. Gershom Bulkeley's copy.)

Increase Mather's "Discourses" translated into Indian by Samuel Danforth, Boston B. Green & J. Allen 1698. (The first book in the Indian language printed in Boston.)

"La Fé del Christiano," Translated by Cotton Mather, Boston, 1699. (The first book printed in this country in the Spanish language.)

"The Christianity of the People Called Quakers," by John Field. Imprint of Reynier Jansen, Philadelphia, 1700.

Early New York Imprints by William Bradford: "Gospel Order Revived," 1700; Daniel Leeds's "Challenge to Caleb Pusey," 1701; George Keith's "Great Necessity of the Sacraments," 1704; and Keith's "Notes of the True Church," 1704.

Boston News Letter, No. 1, April 24, 1704. (The first issue of the first newspaper to be continuously published in this country.)

Saybrook Confession, New London, Thomas Short, 1710. (The first book printed in Connecticut.)

"The Isle of Man," by Richard Bernard, Boston, J. Franklin, 1719. (Crude woodcut frontispiece, and early example of American engraving.)

Catalogue of Harvard Library, Boston, 1723. (The first library catalogue printed in the Colonies.)

Samuel Willard's "Compleat Body of Divinity," Boston, Green & Kneeland, 1726. (The first folio book, other than Laws, printed in the Colonies. An early rubricated title-page.)

Maryland Laws of 1727. Printed at Annapolis by William Parks. (One of the earliest productions of the Maryland press, which was established in 1726.)

Sewel's "History of the Quakers," Philadelphia, Samuel Keimer, 1728. (The work on this important volume was partly executed by Benj. Franklin.)

Barclay's "Apology," Newport, J. Franklin, 1729. (The first volume of consequence printed in Rhode Island.)

Five imprints of Benj. Franklin, Philadelphia, 1735-1741: "Letter to a Friend in the Country," 1735; "Some Observations on the Proceedings against Mr. Hemphill," 1735; Tenant's "Sermon upon Justification," 1741; "Protestation to the Synod," 1741; and "The Querists," 1741.

"Chronological History of New England," by Thomas Prince, Boston, 1736. (An early instance of title-page rubrication.)

Lovell's "Funeral Oration on Peter Faneuil," Boston, 1743. (An interesting example of the use of type ornaments.)

The first Saur Bible. Printed by Christopher Saur at Germantown, 1743. (The first Bible printed in this country in a European language.)

Cicero's "Cato Major," Philadelphia, B. Franklin, 1744. (Regarded as the finest production of Franklin's press.)

"Der Blutige Schau-Platz," Ephrata, 1748. (The largest and one of the most remarkable books of the Colonial period. The Ephrata brethren made the translation, manufactured the paper and did the printing and binding.)

Imprints of the firm of B. Franklin & D. Hall, at Philadelphia: "Some Account of the Pennsylvania Hospital," 1754; Lewis Evans "Geographical Essays," 1755.

"Pietas et Gratulatio," Boston, Green & Russell, 1761. (One of the finest specimens of Colonial printing. Handsome font of Greek type.)

"Laws, Statutes, Ordinances and Constitutions of the City of New York," printed by John Holt, 1763. (A beautiful specimen of Colonial printing. A preliminary page contains a list of the members of the City Government, and is printed in red. There are but two other copies known, one of which is incomplete.)

"Paradisisches Wunder-Spiel," Ephrata, 1766. (The last and most extensive collection of Ephrata hymns.)

"The Englishman Deceived," by S. Sayre, Salem, 1768. (The first production of the Salem Press. Salem was the third town in Massachusetts to establish a printing-press.)

"Freedom from Civil Slavery, Discourse March 5, 1774," by Jonathan Parsons, Newburyport, I. Thomas & H. W. Tinges, 1774. (The first book printed in Newburyport.)

"Narrative of the King's Troops Under the Command of General Gage," Worcester, Isaiah Thomas, 1775. (The first book printed in Worcester.)

Ethan Allen's "Vindication of the Opposition of Vermont to New York," Dresden, Alden Spooner, 1779. (The first year of Vermont printing.)

Discourse by Bereanus Theosebes, Falmouth, T. B. Wait, 1786. (The first pamphlet, if not the first work, printed in Maine.)

Perry's English Dictionary, Worcester, I. Thomas, 1788. ("The first work of the kind printed in America," according to the dedication.)

TRUMBULL AND JOHN RANDOLPH

In 1828 Randolph made a speech in Congress, attacking Trumbull and others. Trumbull wrote to Theodore Dwight, from Washington, regarding it:

Washington, January 13, 1828.

"The Newspapers will have shewn you that in the memorable battle of the 9th the mangled bodies of all the painters strewed the bloody field:—Allston, & Morse and myself all fell;—but we fell gloriously, in the Company of the immortal Hero of the day.—You will see that I, in particular, was most barbarously tomahawk'd & Scalped by the relentless hand of the *half breed Chief* of Roanoke,—and saddest of all to say, by the faithless hand of him who had once been my friend." &c., &c.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

Subsequently he wrote an outline of a very amusing letter which he would have written to Randolph had the latter challenged him:

January 26, 1828.

"I beg leave to say in reply that I have done with fighting,—the last of my fields was on Quaker & Windmill Hills, Rhode Island, the

day after the Siege of Newport was raised,—in Oct. 1778, just fifty years ago—on that day I smelt gunpowder eno' to last me thro' life & Since then I have eschewed all use of cold steel & Lead:—in truth Sir it would be a very silly thing for an Old Man of 72—somewhat portly in his person to expose himself in single combat with a young gentleman whose elegant Slender figure affords no better mark for a pistol ball, than a stripped cornstalk.—there would be no reciprocity in such a contest, Mr. Randolph.—No reciprocity at all, Sir—Not the smallest degree of reciprocity, Sir,—I will none of it” &c.

The originals of both letters were sold at auction in the Trumbull collection, 1897.

FRANKLIN'S MEDALLION

Further examination of the collection of the late Benson J. Lossing continues to bring to light little or almost unknown items of Americana which contribute to the delight of the never-satisfied Bibliographer and are destined to add to or complete the constantly increasing number of collections of Americana in this country. One of these is an apparently unknown imprint of the New York publisher, Hugh Gaine, of the Stamp Act of 1764-6, which he advertised in the New York papers as "The Oppressive Stamp Act. Price One Shilling," but of which no copy seems to be in existence save the one which has recently come to light in the Lossing library. Another such item is of Benjamin Franklin interest, the original terra cotta medallion portrait made in 1777 by J. B. Nini from life during Franklin's stay in France. This is one of the earliest authentic portraits of Benjamin Franklin and one from which many portraits have been copied, known as the Cochin type. The medallion, which is circular in shape and four and one-half inches in diameter, shows the head of Franklin in relief, the profile to left and wearing a fur cap, lettered "B. Franklin, Americain," and signed "Nini F., 1777," with a coronetted stamp.

When Benjamin Franklin arrived in Paris in 1777, as the agent of the Continental Congress to negotiate the Treaty of Alliance between France and the United States, which has been said to have secured the independence of the American Colonies, Silas Deane, who had preceded him by some months, took him to the Hotel Hamburg, where he himself

resided. Franklin stayed there only for a few weeks as it proved too public a place, says John Bigelow, "for a lion of such proportions as by this time the Doctor had attained." It was then that M. Donatien le Ray de Chaumont, a landed gentleman and the owner of a pottery at his country place, the Hotel Valentinois, at Passy, about three miles from Paris, placed a part of the estate at his disposal. The place was secluded, which fitted in with Franklin's wishes, and the relations held by M. de Chaumont with the court and the ministry gave to this residence an advantage which did not escape his sagacious eye. He continued to live at Passy for the nine years he remained in France as American Envoy.

Soon after Franklin's arrival, M. de Chaumont determined to have a portrait of his distinguished guest, and Monsieur J. B. Nini, the famous medallist of Paris, was employed to engrave a die, from which a few portraits were struck in the red clay of Passy and baked in the furnaces of M. de Chaumont's potteries. Nini was fascinated by his subject, and made nine portraits of Franklin, of four different types; his admiration inspired him so happily that Franklin, recognizing the value of the portraits, chose this medallion to send to the United States. We have proof in these portraits of Nini's talents. Four are busts from the antique, and all are decidedly different, and yet at the same time are portraits of the Savant, and the Man of Affairs, while others representing Franklin the American in an intimate fashion. In the one which is contained in the Lossing collection, Franklin wears the bonnet of fur by which he is universally known; one which is very much rarer shows Franklin with spectacles on his nose; another differs in that the fur bonnet has been replaced by the Cap of Liberty, the point of which falls toward the back.

The terra cotta in the Lossing collection is perfect and the execution especially fine, and is an almost unknown Franklin portrait in this form, as owing to the fragility of the material, most of them were soon broken and destroyed. Franklin himself refers to this clay medallion in several of his letters. Writing to his daughter, Mrs. Sarah Bache, in June, 1779, he mentions it:

The clay medallion of me you say you gave to Mr. (Francis) Hopkinson was the first of the kind made in France. A variety of others have been made since.

By 1784 nearly all of these medallions had already disappeared, as Franklin wrote in that year in a letter to William Melmoth, the London author, who had asked on behalf of Mrs. Melmoth for one of the clay medallions, regretting that he has not one left, saying in regard to it:

Monsieur de Chaumont, at whose pottery in the country they were made, received a request from Petersburg for one of them, to gratify the curiosity of the empress, and having none in town he got from me the only one left and sent it away.

In his letter to Mrs. Bache, Franklin alludes to a variety of medallions which had been made. One of these is still in the Art Museum at Sèvres, a medallion in that ware representing Franklin with a Negro kneeling at his feet, who says, "Am I not a man? A brother?" Josiah Wedgwood did a variation of this medallion at the time of the anti-slavery agitation in England. The work of Nini, describing the Franklin and other medallions, is very rare; "J. B. Nini. Ses Terres Cuites, par A. Villers," an octavo volume published in Blois in 1862. A later work was published at Tours in 1896, called "J. B. Nini. Sa Vie, ses Œuvres 1717-1786." The illustration of the Franklin Medallion (in the Lossing Collection) was made for this work from a medallion in the collection of the Prince A. de Broglie. So far as can be ascertained, the Lossing terra cotta medallion is the only one in this country.

Transcript, BOSTON

posed upon by those whose objects were not to be promoted by truth, on a clear understanding of matters.

Gen'l Marshall is so capable of making accurate observations, that I am persuaded his information may be relied on with certainty.

With great esteem and regard I am,

Your obed. & Oblig. H'ble Sev.

G. WASHINGTON.

The Hon'ble James Lloyd.

LETTER OF PIERCE BUTLER, MEMBER OF CONGRESS, TO COLONEL GILMAN

(Butler was an Irishman, and until just before the Revolution an officer in the British Army. He settled in Charleston, S. C., and was a Senator from South Carolina.)

Interesting as showing how, a century ago, the "Wild and Woolly West" of that day was impressing itself on Congress.—

Phila., —— 1808.

"Your opinion and mine are in unison as to the part the present chief magistrate means to act. He will while away the few months he is to remain in office without recommending any decisive measure; and when the time arrives, he will slip his head out of the noose; and leave Congress to contend with difficulties; part of which were brought on by himself. * * * It is presumable that Mr. Jefferson would be content with an Embargo and Non-Importation of British Goods; without a Non-Intercourse Bill; but such a measure would be so manifestly partial that his party may be apprehensive of committing themselves. There is a prevailing Opinion in this City that Congress will pass a Non-Intercourse Bill as regards France and England; and open a trade to Spain, Portugal, the Western Isles, South America, India and China. * * * I am impressed with a belief that some of the western states were admitted into the Councils of the Union too soon: the deportment of some of their Members in both Houses has given an unexpected bias to the public measures—not the most favorable to National character."

MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN LINCOLN TO ELBRIDGE GERRY

Boston, May 17, 1776.

This morning between Cape Ann and Boston Light one of the Continental Cruisers took, and the prize is now in the harbour of Boston,

a Ship of about 270 Tons burthen. She hath on board 1,500 Barrels of Powder, 100 lbs. in each Barrel, 1000 Carbines with Bayonets, &c. a large number of intrenching, carpenter's & other tools. She is far the most valuable prize we have had brought in.

(He then asks permission of Congress to use some of these fire-arms, for troops now being raised.)

This capture was of the British ship *Hope*, by the patriot cruiser *Franklin*, Captain Mugford. Two days after, Mugford was mortally wounded in the action against British armed boats at Point Shirley, and his dying words were the same as used forty years later by Lawrence on the *Chesapeake*, "Don't give up the ship."

LETTER OF GEN. BENJAMIN LINCOLN

An important Revolutionary document: Gen Lincoln's orders to Colonels Lovell, Frost, Thatcher and Pickering, commanding the Massachusetts regiments, in view of approaching battle.

This shows how few bayonets there were in Washington's army; not always enough for the front rank of a company.

Tarrytown, N. Y., Jan. 17, 1777.

"... Each Regiment will parade in the high way near Dob'a Ferry, at eleven o'Clock this evening with their Provisions and Blankets slung. No other Baggage to be carried," ... "The Front Ranks of each Company are to be composed of those men who have Bayonets to their Firelocks, if there is a number sufficient, if not they will equally divide them in front. A Team is to be allowed to every hundred men to follow them in their march and four men to each waggon as a guard thereto; and three men from each Company who have the poorest Firelocks as a Guard to the Baggage," etc.

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE ISSUES OF THE BATTLE

AN ACCOMPLISHED statesman and eloquent writer has, in the passage which heads this chapter,* well depicted the appearance which the field of Oriskany presented when the fight was over. The battle itself, while the most bloody fought during the Revolution, is remarkable for having been contested exclusively between Americans, or, at least, between those who, if not natives of the soil, were all denizens of the province in which it was fought. And though its political consequences were of slight moment, for both parties claimed the victory, yet, from the character of the troops engaged in it—from the number of Indian warriors that were arrayed upon either side—the protracted fierceness of the action, and the terrible slaughter that marked its progress, it must be held the most memorable conflict that marked our seven years' struggle for national independence.

Of the field officers that fell, it is true that most, like the brave Herkimer himself, were only militiamen, and of no great public consideration beyond their own county: but with these gallant gentlemen were associated as volunteers more than one military man of rank and repute that had been won upon other fields; and many a civilian of eminence, who, at the call of patriotism, had shouldered a musket and met his death as a private soldier. The combatants upon either side consisting almost exclusively of inhabitants of the Mohawk Valley, there were so many friends and neighbours, kinsmen, and even brothers arrayed against each other, that the battle partook of the nature of a series of private feuds, in which the most bitter feelings of the human heart were brought into play between the greater part of those engaged. And when the few who were actuated by a more chivalric spirit—like the gallant Major Watts of the Royal New-Yorkers, and others who might be designated among his hostile compatriots—met in opposing arms, they too fought with a stubborn valour, as if the military character of their native province depended equally upon the dauntless bearing of either party. The annalist has elsewhere preserved so many

* Let me recall to your recollection the bloody field where Herkimer fell. There were found the Indian and the white man, born on the banks of the Mohawk, their left hand clenched in each other's hair, the right grasping in the gripe of death the knife plunged in each other's bosom. Thus they lay frowning.—*Discourse of Gouverneur Morris before the New York Historical Society, 1812.*

minute and thrilling details of Herkimer's last field,¹ that it hardly becomes us to recapitulate them here, though we would fain recall some of those traits of chivalrous gallantry and generous daring which redeem the brutal ferocity of the contest.

The deeds of the brave Captain Dillenback, though his name is not intermingled with the thread of our story, are so characteristic of the times in which its scenes are laid, that they can hardly be passed over. This officer had his private enemies among those who were now arrayed in battle as public foes; and Wolfert Valtmeyer, with three others among the most desperate of the Refugees, determined to seize his person in the midst of the fight, and carry him off for some purpose best known to themselves. Watching their opportunity, these four desperadoes, when the tumult of the conflict was at the highest, cut their way to the spot where Dillenback was standing; and one of them succeeded in mastering his gun for a moment. But Dillenback, who caught sight of Valtmeyer's well-known form pressing forward to aid his comrades in the capture, knew better than to trust himself to the tender mercies of his outlaw band. He swore that he would not be taken alive, and he was not. Wrenching his gun from the grasp of the first assailant, he felled him to the earth with the breech, shot the second dead, and plunged the bayonet into the heart of the third. But in the moment of his last triumph the brave Whig was himself laid dead by a pistol-shot from Valtmeyer, who chanced to be the fourth in coming up to him.

But perhaps as true a chevalier as met his fate amid all that host of valiant hearts was a former friend of Balt the woodsman; an old Mohawk hunter, who bore the uncouth Dutch name of BRONKA-HORLST.

It was in the heat of the fight, when Brant's dusky followers, flitting from tree to tree, had at one time almost surrounded Greyslaer's small command, that Balt, in the thickest of the fire, heard a well-known voice calling him by name from behind a large tree near; and, looking out from the huge trunk which sheltered his own person, he recognized the only Indian with whom his prejudices against the race had ever allowed him to be upon terms of intimacy.

"Come, my brother," said the Iroquois warrior, in his own tongue,

1 See Stone's Border Wars of the American Revolution.

"come and escape death or torture by surrendering yourself to your old friend, who pledges the work of a Mohawk for your kind treatment and protection."

"Rather to you than to anybody, my noble old boy; but Balt will be prisoner this day to no mortal man. My name is NOZUN DOTJI—he that never shirks."

"And my name," cried the Indian, "is THE KILLER OF BRAVE MEN; so come on; we are happily met." With these words both parties threw down their rifles, and, drawing their knives, rushed upon each other.

The struggle was only a brief one; for Time, who had nerved the brawny form of the white borderer into the full maturity of manly strength, had dealt less leniently with the aged Indian, who was borne at once to the ground as they closed in the death-grapple. It was in vain that Balt, mindful of other days and kinder meetings in the deep woodlands, attempted to save his opponent's life by making him a prisoner; for, in the moment that he mastered the scalping knife of the Indian and pinioned his right arm to the ground, the latter, writhing beneath his adversary with the flexibility of a serpent, brought up his knee so near to his left hand as to draw the leg-knife from beneath the garter, and dealt Balt a blow in his side which nothing but his hunting shirt of tough elk-hide prevented from being fatal. Even as it was, the weapon, after sliding an inch or two, cut through the arrow-proof garment that ere now had turned a sabre; while Balt, feeling the point graze upon his ribs, thought that his campaigning days were over, and, in the exasperation of the moment, buried his knife to the hilt in the bare bosom of Bronkahorlst.

"We are going together, old boy," he cried, as he sank back with a momentary faintness. "I only hope we'll find the game as plenty in your hunting-ground of spirits as we have on the banks of the Sacondaga—God forgive me for being such a heathen!"

But while this singular duel, with personal encounters of a similar nature, was taking place in one part of the field, others more eventful in their consequences were transpiring elsewhere. The puissant deeds of Captain Gardinier, like those of Dillenback, have given his name a place upon the sober page of history; but, as they involved the fate of

more than one of the personages of our story, we have no hesitation in recapitulating them here.

One principal cause, perhaps, why the Whigs maintained their ground with such desperate tenacity, was the hope that, so soon as the sound of their firearms should reach the invested garrison of Fort Stanwix, a sally would be attempted by the besieged to effect a diversion in their favour. That sally, so famous in our Revolutionary history, and which gave to WILLETT, who conducted it, the name of "THE HERO OF FORT STANWIX," did, in fact, take place before the close of the battle of Oriskany, and was, as we all know, attended with the most brilliant success. But, long before the performance of that gallant feat of Willett's, the Tory partisan, Colonel Butler, aware of the hopes which animated his Whig opponents at Oriskany, essayed a *ruse de guerre*, which had well-nigh eventuated in their complete destruction.

This wily officer, withdrawing a large detachment of Johnson's Greens from the field of action, partially disguised them as Republican troops by making them change their hats for those of their fallen enemies; and then adopting the patriot colours and other party emblems as far as they could, they made a circuit through the woods, and turned the flank of the Whigs in the hope of gaining the midst of them by coming in the guise of a timely re-enforcement sent from the fort.

The hats of these soldiers appearing first through the bushes, cheered Herkimer's men at once. The cry was instantly raised that succour was at hand. Many of the undisciplined yeomanry broke from their stations, and ran to grasp the hands of their supposed friends.

"Beware! beware! 'tis the enemy; don't you see their green coats?" shouted Captain Gardinier, whose company of dismounted rangers was nearest to these new-comers. But even as he spoke, one of his own soldiers, a slight stripling, recognising his own brother among the Greens, and supposing him embarked in the same cause with himself, rushed forward to embrace him. His out-stretched hand was seized with no friendly grasp by his hostile kinsman; for the Tory brother, fastening a ferocious gripe upon the credulous Whig, dragged him within the opposing lines, exclaiming only, as he flung him backward amid his comrades, "See, some of ye, to the d-d young rebel, will ye?"

"For God's sake, brother, let them not kill me! Do you not know

me?" shrieked the youthful patriot, as he clutched at one of those amid whom he fell, to shield him from the blows that were straightway aimed at his life.

But his brother had other work to engage him at this instant; for the gallant Gardinier, observing the action and its results, seized a partisan from a corporal who stood near, and, wielding the spear like a quarter staff, dealt his blows to the right and left so vigorously that he soon beat back the disordered group and liberated his man, who, clubbing his rifle as he sprang to his feet, instantly levelled his treacherous brother in the dust. But Gardinier and his stripling soldier were now in the midst of the Greens, unsupported by any of their comrades; and the sturdy Major MacDonald, who this day had taken duty with a detachment of Johnson's men, rushed forward sword in hand to cut down Gardinier in the same moment that two of the disguised Greens sprang upon him from behind. Struggling with almost superhuman strength to free himself from their grasp, the spurs of the Whig Ranger became entangled in the clothes of his adversaries, and he was thrown to the ground. Both of his thighs were instantly transfixated to the earth by the bayonets of two of his assailants, while MacDonald, presenting the point of his rapier to his throat, cried out to "Yield himself, rescue or no rescue." But Gardinier did not dream of yielding.

Seizing the blade of the sword with his left hand, the trooper, by a sudden wrench, brings the Highlander down upon his own person, where he holds him for a moment against the assault of others. At this moment Adam Miller for the first time sees the struggle of Gardinier against this fearful odds. His sword is already out and crimson with the blood of more than one foe; and now, rushing forward, he lays about him so industriously, that the Greens are compelled to defend themselves against their new adversary. Gardinier, raising himself to a sitting posture bears back MacDonald; but the gallant Scot, still clinching the throat of his foe with his left hand, braces himself firmly on one knee, and turns to parry the phrensic blows of Miller with his right. Gardinier has but one hand at liberty, and that is lacerated by the rapier which he has grasped so desperately; yet, quick as light, he seizes the spear which is still lying near him, and plants it to the barb in the side of MacDonald. The chivalric Highlander expires without a groan.

The Greens, struck with dismay at the fate of this veteran officer,

the near friend of Sir John Johnson, fall back upon those of their comrades who have not yet broken their ranks; while those lookers-on stung with grief for the loss of such an officer, rally instantly to the charge, and pour in a volley upon the Whigs, who have just succeeded in dragging the wounded Gardinier out of the mêlée. Several fall, but their death is avenged on the instant; yet dearly avenged, for the blow which follows, while it terminates the battle, concludes the existence of one of the most gallant spirits embarked in it.

Young Derrick de Roos on that day had enacted wonders of prowess. And though the rashness he exhibited made his early soubriquet of "Mad Dirk" remembered by more than one of his comrades, yet he seemed somehow to bear a charmed life while continually rushing to and fro wherever the fight was hottest. At the very opening of the conflict, when most of the mounted Rangers threw themselves from their saddles and took to the bushes with their rifles,¹ De Roos, with but a handful of troopers to back him, drew his sword and charged into the thickets from which came the first fire of the ambushed foe.

"It is impossible for cavalry to act upon such ground," exclaimed an officer, seeing him about to execute this mad movement. De Roos, who on the march, was leading his horse, did not heed the remark as he threw himself into the saddle. "Your spurs—where are your spurs, man?" cried another, as the horse, flurried by the first fire, rose on his hinder legs instead of dashing forward. "Charge not without your spurs, captain!"

"I'm going to win my spurs," shouted Mad Dirk, striking the flanks of the steed with the flat of his sabre, which the next moment gleamed above his head as the spirited animal, gathering courage from his fiery rider, bounded forward in the charge.

In the instant confusion that followed, De Roos was no more seen; the smoke, indeed, sometimes revealed his orange plume floating like a tongue of flame amid its wreaths; and his "Carry on, carry on, men," for a few moments cheered the ears of the friends who could distinguish his gay and reckless voice even amid the earnest shouts of the white

¹ The horses of mounted riflemen are generally, during a frontier fight, secured to a tree in some hollow or behind some knoll, which protects them from the enemy's fire. Not infrequently, however, the sagacious animal is trained, in obedience to the order of his master, to crouch among the leaves, or couch down like a dog behind some fallen tree, while the rider, protected by the same natural rampart, fires over his body.

borderers, mingled as they were with the wild slogan of the Indian warriors. But De Roos himself appeared no more until, in the pause of the battle already mentioned, he presented himself among his compatriots, exclaiming,

"I've used up all my men! Is there no handful of brave fellows here who will rally under Dirk de Roos when we set-to again?"

The fearful slaughter which, as is known, took place among Herkimer's officers at the very outset of the fight, and almost with the first volley from Brant's people, left men enough among those undisciplined bands to furnish forth a stout array of volunteers, who were eager to fight under so daring a leader; and when the battle was renewed, the wild partisan went into it with a train more numerous than before. But his horse had long since been killed under him; the followers upon whom he was in the habit of relying had fallen, either dead or disabled by his side; and Derrick, somewhat sobered in spirit, became more economical of his resources. And, though still exposing his own person as much as ever, he was vigilant in seeing that his men were well covered, while he hoarded their energies to strike some well-directed blow which might terminate the battle.

With the last volley of the Greens he thought the fitting moment had come. His bugle sounded a charge, and on rushed his band with the bayonet.

"Carry on, carry on," shouted De Roos, who charged, sword in hand, a musket's length ahead of his foremost files.

It seemed impossible for the weary royalists to stand up against this column; for small in number as were the men who composed it, they were comparatively fresh, from a short breathing spell which they had enjoyed; while their spirits were excited to the utmost by their having been kept back by their officer as he waited for the approaching crisis before permitting a man to move. But the line of the royalists though broken and uneven, was still so much longer than that of the patriots, that, outflanking their assailants as they did, they had only to permit their headlong foe to pass through, and then fall upon his rear.

This movement the Greens effected with equal alacrity and steadiness. Their ranks opened with such quickness that they seemed to melt like a wave before De Roos's impetuous charge; but, wavelike too,

they closed again behind his little band, which was thus cut off from the patriot standard. Furious at being thus caught in the toils, the fierce republicans wheel again, and madly endeavour to cut their way back to their friends; but the equally brave royalists far outnumber them, and their fate for the moment seems sealed, when suddenly another player in this iron game presents himself.

Max Greyslaer, who, from a distance, has watched the movement of his friend with the keenest anxiety, sees the unequal struggle upon which the fortunes of the whole battle are turning. He has fought all day on foot, and, wounded and weary, he seems too far from the spot upon which all the chances of the fight are now concentrated to reach it ere they are decided. He looks eagerly around for assistance; he shouts madly to those who are closer to De Roos to press forward; and bounding over a fallen tree near him, he stumbles upon the trained horse of a rifleman, which has been taught to crouch in the thickets for safety. The couchant steed—but now so quiet when masterless—rises with a grateful winnow as Max seizes his bridle, and, gladly yielding his back to so feately a rider, he tosses his head with proud neighings as he feels himself no longer a passive sharer in the dangers of the field. On comes the gallant horse. The rider gathers new life from the fresh spirits of his steed. He sweeps—'twas thus the warlike saints of old swept before the eyes of knightly combatants—he sweeps meteor-like across the field, and charges with his flashing brand, singly against the royal host. Down goes the green banner of the Johnsons; down goes the sturdy banner-man, shorn to the earth by that trenchant blade.

The Greens, attacked thus impetuously in their rear, turn partly round to confront this bold assailant; but Greyslaer has already cloven his way through their line, and Christian Lansingh, with a score of active borderers, has rushed tumultuously into his wake. The royalists are broken and forced back laterally on either side of the pathway thus made, but either fragment of the disjointed band still struggles to reunite with desperate valour. The republicans, concentrating their forces upon one at a time, charge both parties alternately. Thrice wheeling with the suddenness of a falcon in mid air, has Greyslaer hurled himself upon their crumbling ranks; and now, as one division is nearly annihilated by that last charge, De Roos, emulous of his friend, heads the onslaught against the remaining fragment of the

royalists. His orange plume again floats foremost; and loud as when the fight was new, his cheering voice is heard,

"Carry on, men, carry o—"

An Indian whoop—the last that was heard upon the field of Oriskany—followed the single shot which hushed that voice and laid that orange plume in the dust.

Both Mohawks and royalists had already mostly withdrawn from the field; and the remainder of the Greens, who had contested it to the last so stubbornly, retired when they saw De Roos fall.¹

¹ Brant and his Tory confederates carried off so many prisoners with them from the field of Oriskany that the battle is often spoken of as a defeat of the Whigs. But as these prisoners were taken in the early part of the action and during the first confusion of the ambuscade, the meed of victory must be accorded to the patriots, who were left in possession of the battle-field; fearful, however, as was the general slaughter, the loss of life upon the royalists side seems to have been chiefly among the Indian warriors, while on the republican side the whites suffered far more than did their Oneida allies.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN
(Continued.)



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